LIBRARY
University of California
IRVINE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/huntingsongspoem00mustiala

HUNTING SONGS

AND

POEMS.

COLLECTED BY

JOHN CHAWORTH MUSTERS.

PR
1195
H9
MS

NOTTINGHAM

PRINTED BY R. ALLEN AND SON, LIMITED, CAXTON HOUSE.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Badsworth Hunt	1
Song	5
An Ode	6
Song	8
The Little Red Dog	9
Song	11
March, 1851	13
Cotmanhay Wood	17
Song	20
Banks Wright's Lead from the Curate Gorse	21
John Peel	23
Hoe Hill	24
"Rouse, boys, rouse"	26
Lord Lonsdale's Harriers	28
The South Notts. Hunt, 1833	30
Classification of the Talent of Melton in 1820	34
Six Hills	35
The Woore Country	38
Kirby Gate	41
Quæsitum Meritis	43
Old Oulton Lowe	45
The Breeches, 1841	46
The Spectre Stag	48
The Galloping Squire	51
The Fox and the Brambles	53
A word ere we start	55
The Cheshire Hunt	56
Melton in 1830	60
A Meeting during the late Frost	66
The Greatwood Run with the Badminton	69
Hunting Song	74
How to send him along	75
Winslow	76
Hunting Song	78
Tom Moody	80

	PAGE
The Coal-black Steed	81
A rum'un to follow—a bad'un to beat	83
Charles Davis	85
The Berkshire	88
The Hounds of Old Raby	92
The Rufford Hunt	105
Derby Vale	106
"In a quiet sort of way"	109
Lost and Saved	113
"There is no lack about the Hounds"	117
The Rufford Hounds	119
The Duty of Man	122
The Fox's Lament	124
Cropwell Grove	126
The Quarndon Foxhunters	129
A Birthday Ode to John Warde	131
Hunting Song	135
Mr. Warburton's Farewell to Tarporley, 1873	137
An Unprovoked Wail from a Deserted Foxhunter	141
Down in the West	143
An Acknowledgment of a Haunch of Venison	144
An Afternoon Crawl during the late Frost	145
A Loughborough Song	147
Hunting Song	148
Eton Boating Song	150
The Yeoman's Greeting	151
Epitaph	153
'Ware Wheat! 'Ware Tares!	154
The Run from Hazelton	155
John O'Gaunt	166
The Fox's Prophecy	169
Farewell	179
The Lay of the Broken Carriage	180
February 17th, 1861	186
Song	189
A Poem by J. Oldknow, of Smalley	191

THE BADSWORTH HUNT:

DESCRIPTIVE OF AN EXCELLENT FOX-CHASE, AS PERFORMED BY THE HOUNDS OF MR. BRIGHT, OF BADSWORTH, IN THE YEAR 1730.

"Hark! what loud shouts re-echo thro' the groves—
He breaks away, shrill horns proclaim his flight;
Each straggling hound strains o'er the lawn to gain
The distant pack—'tis triumph all and joy."

SOMERVILLE.

Ye huntsmen, give ear to my song,
Who to Sussex steep hills do resort;
I sing of a fox chase so long—
That you must allow it good sport.

It was in the time of the year
When foxes could fly and were stout;
In Badsworth's gay hall did appear,
Of hunters a jovial rout.

Said the master, (1) o'er night, "It is ten;
Call Slinger, (2) for I will to bed;
At five I will see you again;
Pray, Tom, (3) now remember your head."

1. John Bright, Esq., of Badsworth Hall, near Pontefract, was the master of the hounds.
2. Slinger was Mr. Bright's valet.
3. Mr. Bright's son.

At five, then, the Master arose;
The rest, half asleep, left their beds,
And hastily donn'd on their clothes,
Tho' some of 'em felt heavy heads.

To cover they walk a foot's pace,
Where the company all does appear
But Harvey, (4) who lost all the chase
By taking twice leave of his dear.

It was just at the rise of the sun,
To Barnsdale's great whin-bed they came—
So famous for many a run,
So crowded for fox-hunters' game.

"Hoix, Truelove," said Jarvise, "my hound;"
"Hey, Tumbler," Jack (5) quickly replied.
"Egad," said Ben Tayler, "he is found;
Hark! Duchess, who never yet lied."

"Hallo! then away the pack goes;
"Master Wilson, come on," says Tom Sayle; (6)
Kit (7) answers, "I'll gather these sloes,
And comb my nag's mane and tail."

Over Smeaton's wide fallows he made
To Brokendale Earth, full up wind;
His besom he toss'd but ne'er stay'd,
As tho' he said, "kiss me behind."

Over Stapleton Lees to Wake Wood,
Down to Balne still up wind he doth fly;
But soon found, in spite of his blood,
He must back again, else he must die.

---

4. Mr. Harvey, grandfather to the present Lord Hawke, then lived a Wormesley Park.

5. The hunter's name was A. Jarvise, and the whipper-in was called "Jack."

6. Thomas and Benjamin Sayle were brothers. and resided at Wentbridge.

7. Wilson then lived at Wakefield, and was generally styled "Kit Wilson of famous memory," as it is stated in the notes of the song published at the time.

From Grove Wood and sheer to Went Hill,
Where a huntress came up to the cry:
Her voice was so sweet and so shrill,
It *must* be Diana (8) or Di.

From hence hied to Darrington Moor,
Over Went and by Badsworth he goes;
Oh! Reynard, thy fate I deplore,
For there lives the worst of thy foes.

Then up to the Hollins he ran,
Where a ploughman he met in the face;
This lucky hit let in each man,
Or few had been seen in at the chase.

The Master came up in his chair,
Saw Danger hit off the default,
And said, "Had Ralph Elmsall (9) been there,
Hey Danger, he'd quite split his throat."

"Now, Rockwood," "Now, Delver," some cried;
"Now, Rival," "Now, Sempstress," again;
Then Hall (10) his dog Rebel espied,
And swore he led over the plain.

"Zounds!" says Kitchingham, "Hall is foreswore,
But he'll swear any man of his nag;
See Tapster and six couples more;
He cannot blow wind in their bag."

Squire Thomas came up to the head,
And swore they were every one blind;
"For see! my dog Juggler does lead,
And Tippler is not far behind."

---

8. Diana Sayle, sister of Thomas and Benjamin Sayle.
9. Ralph Elmsall lived at Thornhill, near Wakefield.
10. Mr. Anthony Hall, of Wombwell.

He then made for Hampole high wood,
But found it too hot for his stay;
Smith (11) saw him as watching he stood,
And bid him make best of his way.

To Brodsworth he cunningly stole,
And then sheer'd away to the Marr,
At the warren at Melton to hole;
But Dawson (12) had put up a bar.

Over Don (13) then he hastens away;
On Conisbrough Cliff he relies.
O! Renny, in vain is thy play;
For mountains put up, and thou dies.

The boatman was luckily by;
The horsemen, with heart and good-will,
Got over, and presently spy
The hounds dancing over the hill.

Here Molly the lead she does take;
O! Roper, she does so behave—
Tippler's blood thy dead corpse should awake,
And make thee jump out of thy grave!

For Edlington Wood then he flew:
Ere Edlington Wood he could reach,
They ran out of scent into view,
And Diamond laid hold of his breech.

"Whoo, hoop!" then Dick Sunderland cries;
Tom Atkinson (14) stood in amaze;
The company own'd, with surprise,
Such a chase they ne'er saw in their days.

---

11. Smith lived at Brodsworth, and was the warrener.
12. Dawson was the earth-stopper.
13. "Over Don." This took place over the ferry at Sprotbro'.
14. Roper, Atkinson, and Sunderland, were noted hunters in the county of Sussex.

Now, pray, my good people attend:
The chase it was thoroughly run;
"Tom Bright was at Hampole Wood end
When the hounds they were crossing the Don."

"And why need you marvel at that,"
Says the Captain of Shelbroke Hall; (*)
"Perhaps he is watching a cat—
A coney—or nothing at all"

Hence, Warmsworth, shall thy haughty spire
Our fame to posterity bear,
While Childers and Newby admire,
And Draper (†) with envy shall hear.

Now to Badsworth's roast beef let us hie,
Where we'll finish the day with delight:
We'll drink to fox-hunters and Di,
And fuddle our noses all night.

SONG.

When Bibo went down to the regions below,
Where Lethe and Styx round Eternity flow,
He roared and he bellowed he would be rowed back,
For his soul it was thirsty and wanted some sack.
"You were drunk when you died," old Charon replied,
"And you know not the pains that to death are allied."
"Take me back," replied Bibo; "if I know not the pain,
Take me back, for it's fit I should die once again."

---

* The name of the "Captain of Shelbroke" was Brown.
† Childers, Newby, and Draper, were all noted hunters.

"Forget," replied Charon, "those regions of strife;
Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life;
Where the past is forgot, and all gone like a dream,
E'en the gods themselves drink of the care-drowning stream."
"Let the gods," he cried, "still drink water that will—
The maxim of mortals I'll always fulfil;
Prate, prate not to me of your Lethe divine,
The Lethe on earth is a bumper of wine."

At length grim old Cerberus gave a loud roar,
And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore,
When Bibo awoke, and he staggered to land,
And jostled the ghosts as they stood on the strand.
Says Charon, "I tell, 'tis in vain to rebel,
You are banished from earth, and now are in hell.
"That's true," replied Bibo, "I know by this sign
It's a hell upon earth to be wanting in wine."

AN ODE.

ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN RENNY BY TWO BROTHER SPORTSMEN.

Adieu to Richael and its damp smoky lodge,
Where you live on grouse soup, roast grouse, and hodge podge;
Where it rains all day long in a merciless way,
And you've nothing to do but smoke, drink, and play;

Where the beds are so hard that all your limbs ache,
And the rooms are so damp that you shiver and shake;
Where the air you inhale is fraught with peat-smoke,
So that trying to speak you are certain to choke;

Where the Landlady sells at a premium her whiskey,
Which makes Renny's grey pony quite fiery and frisky;
Where your lungs are affected with rating the dogs,
And your calves are diminished by trotting the bogs;

Where the prospect's so glum that you grow melancholy,
And repent at your ease of your rashness and folly;
Where each sallies forth in great coats and umbrellas,
Looking more like drowned rats than "illegant fellers;"

Where Musters goes forth in his bright Tartan Plaid,
And the Lassies cry out, what a bonny fine lad;
Captain Renny comes next, with his jacket so ample,
That Hawker himself cites his for a sample.

Well equipped and quite spruce comes Lindley Hall's
squire,
Whose soul and cigar are alike both on fire;
At whose heels follow quickly Don Carlo and Swap,
But the best of the set can scarce muster a hop.

See Coesvelt comes next with Fan, Bottle, and Nell,
Crying down go to heel—your tricks I know well;
But the dog he most vaunted and counted upon
Was the sheep-chasing, grouse-eating cur yclep'd Don.

Lastly comes Harcourt, for fishing turned out,
Telling very long stories of very large trout;
But when he comes home, and is put to the pinch,
He produces but one which just measures an inch.

Composed by H. G. Coesvelt and J. G. Musters, Richael Lodge,
near Dalnacardoch, Blair Athol, 30th August, 1829.

SONG.

Oh Judy, thou pride of the kitchen,
And cause of this amorous smart:
Thy person's so tight and bewitching,
I find I'm not right at the heart.

Love rankles quite through to my marrow;
The torment I cannot endure:
Oh Judy, I'm struck with an arrow,
An arrow as keen as a skewer.

I melt like a ladle of dripping
Whenever I gaze on thine eye;
Love's poison I eagerly sip in,
And with passion I inwardly fry.

When for comfort I fly to strong liquor,
Fair Judy is ever my toast;
The wine makes my blood boil the quicker,
And Judy again rules the roast.

Say the wits, all your grief is but folly,
In Bath we have beauties enow;
But my heart, like a cullender holey,
Lets all but my Judy slip through.

Like the sound of a kettle, advice is
No more than if spoken to air;
For Judy's sweet person so nice is,
I'm wholly devoted to her.

Might I of the gods claim a blessing,
Fair Judy should fall to my lot;
Unless I'm indulged in possessing,
I surely shall soon go to pot.

Now my face is as long as a carrot,
Which once was a turnip as round;
Erst I chattered as fast as a parrot,
But now I'm quite mute and profound.

Round and quick as a jack my brain turneth;
Like a pulley I shriek out my moan;
Like a stove my fond heart always burneth—
I soon shall be dead as a stone.

Then ye swains who lament me with weeping,
Take heed how fair Judy you view;
She'll make you pay sauce for your peeping—
I die, my companions, adieu!

THE LITTLE RED DOG.

The crow had just shaken the dew from his throat,
The lark had just awakened the morn with his note,
When the squire, spur'd and booted, stood by my bedside,
And loudly he swore I a hunting should ride.
Fal-de-ral-lal.

I awoke, rubb'd my eyes, and reluctantly rose,
And out of my bed-clothes popped into my clothes;
In less than ten minutes I followed him down,
Tho' for one little nap I'd have given half-a-crown.
Fal-de-ral-lal.

But, when I came down, what a beautiful sight!
Nap, night-cap, and all, I forgot with delight;
There was roast beef and boiled, which made me to sing—
Oh this hunting, kind sir, is a monstrous fine thing.

Fal-de-ral-lal.

Then I mounted my pony, which stood at the door,
And I followed the squire as he gallop'd before;
He never pulled up till he came to a wood—
O this hunting, said I, sir, is not quite so good.

Fal-de-ral-lal.

Then the dogs they came up, there was howling and barking;
Some cracking their whips, and some crying, hark in!
They frightened the life out of blackbird and thrush;
Till a little red dog, sir, jump'd out of a bush.

Fal-de-ral-lal.

"Tally ho," cries the squire, with the deuce of a shout:
"Tally ho," cries myself, and I looked all about;
But who's "tally ho" 'tis myself little knows—
He's calling his huntsman or groom, I suppose.

Fal-de-ral-lal.

Yoiks! yoiks! cried the squire, with a devil of a roar—
Did you e'er in your life hear such music before?
But the dogs kept such howling, each straining his throat,
That of all his fine music I heard not a note.

Fal-de-ral-lal.

Now this little red dog, sir—they called him a *fox*—
Scamper'd off like a devil 'midst mountains and rocks,
And the dogs follow'd after, but 'twasn't well done:
Sure it wasn't fair play to set *forty* on *one*.
Fal-de-ral-lal.

Now my pony lov'd hunting as well as the squire;
He caper'd and pranced like a pea in the fire;
I pulled him and haul'd him to make him be quiet,
But for all I could do he would join in the riot.
Fal-de-ral-lal.

So he followed the squire over bog, ditch, and moor,
Till he leap'd a great ditch, and threw me on before:
And when he had landed me safe on the shelf,
He set off like a devil to go hunting himself.
Fal-de-ral-lal.

I laid there quite still until all the folks pass'd—
'Tis the first time I've hunted, says I, and the last;
So home straight I budged it, and saddled my muse,
And I'm come, do you see, just to tell you the news.
Fal-de-ral-lal.

SONG.

At Quorndon old kennels in fair Leicestershire,
A pack of fox hounds for hunting kept there;
And when hunting bold reynard they make the woods ring—
They are fit for to hunt before Lord, Duke, or King.

Tally ho! tally ho! tally ho!
Hark! forward, hark! forward, away Tally ho!

No wonder we wander right out of our bounds
When we follow the track of these favourite hounds;
And their noble owner, so generous is he—
Success to Squire Musters, likewise his Lady.
Tally ho! etc.

Not long since the meet was at Wymeswold they say,
And to Willoughby Gorse then they all hied away;
When reynard was quickly aroused from his lair,
Whilst a rattling "view hollow" was rending the air.
Tally ho! etc.

The huntsmen and hounds were soon on his track,
The squire blew his horn, and the gents their whips crack;
Some fell in the ditch, and in the mud stuck,
But luckily none of them fell in the brook.
Tally ho! etc.

This run was a clipper, as I have been told,
By Widmerpool woods and by Normanton wold;
Although run so strait, bold ren would not yield,
And he gave them the slip, down in Edwalton field.
Tally ho! etc.

This run was a good one, and caused great delight,
And who could regret being out in the night?
To my thinking, the Sportsman was never yet born
Who tried, then regretted, "A day with the Quorn."
Tally ho! etc.

Then success to Gillard, that huntsman so true,
And likewise the whips, be there many or few;
In fox-hunting circles may this the toast be,
Long life to Squire Musters, likewise his Lady.
Tally ho! etc.

MARCH, 1851,

OR THE

MIGRATION OF THE SPRING CAPTAINS INTO LEICESTERSHIRE.

In merry March, when east winds blow,
And suns are hot and glaring,
And everybody's nose is cold,
And visage flushed and staring:
Spring captains, who in provinces
Have hunted at their ease,
To Melton, or to Leicester town,
Drop down by twos and threes,
On horses long, lean, lank, and screwed,
With martingale and snaffle on,
Which not a man on earth would buy,
And very few would raffle on.

They come from Cheltenham's healthful spring,
From Leamington's hotels,
From garrison and watering place,
From York and Tunbridge Wells;
From where old Thames flows proudly by
Victoria's stately bowers,
Or Severn rolls her mournful wave
By Berkeley's feudal towers;
From where Brighthelmstone, near the sea,
Extends her long parade;
From London's Crystal Palace,
And the Burlington Arcade.

They come from Wiltshire's breezy downs,
From Dorset's grassy vales;
From wolds, whence Beaufort's Duke looks forth
O'er his own hills of Wales;
From combs and valleys clustering fair
Round Devon's steep hill side;
From where the Trent, through many a shire,
Conducts his silver tide;
From heaths and pastures scattered wide,
Over our pleasant land;
From forests, not as yet profaned
By Seymour's ruthless hand.

E'en Scotland sends her gallant sons,
And at a pinch none harder;
And Erin's exports, full of fun,
And military ardour,
With horses they would race all ours,
And beat them in a jiffy, too,
But something always interferes,
Because there is an "if" or two:
If the fences were but all stone walls,
And were not wide but high ones,
For at ditches they are but novices,
And at a brook but shy ones.

Then how these gallant heroes ride,
The clamour and confusion,
The fuss they make, the rush they make,
Oh dear! how they amuse one;
How they press on each other's backs,
And crowd the gaps and gateways,

And ride in circles round the fields,
And anyways but straightways;
And how they let their horses loose,
And call to folks to catch them—
Their own legs being stiff, because,
Horse soldiers never stretch them.

And then the falls they get and give,
The way they balk and press one,
And cross one at one's fences,
And in other ways distress one;
How glad they'll be, and so shall we,
Their hunting tour being over,
When April ends their miseries,
And lays them up in clover;
Then how they'll bet in Croxton Park,
And if their luck won't pull them through,
They'll sell "Ould Pat" and "Limerick Lass,"
And so contrive to pay their due.

Then o'er the strong mess claret,
Or the frothy inn Champagne,
When they get to country quarters,
They'll sit and talk amain;
How, charging at Lord Wilton's side,
They gained of pace a notion,
And where Lord Granby led the way,
They seconded his motion;
How, e'en Lord Forester admired,
And Gilmour did not scout them,
And how their judgment helped the hounds,
Which could not hunt without them.

But they will not mention where the brook
Runs 'neath the covert's side,
How one of theirs had in the mud
Their scarlet jacket dy'd;
They will not say how Whichcote's gray,
When once he had made sale on him,
On hill and valley made such way,
They could not see the tail of him;
How one was by the stile deposed,
And how the rail had floored one,
Both taken coolly in their stride
By Geary, Grant, and Gordon.

They will not say how, when distress
And trouble overtook them,
And nobody was by to note,
And in his memory book them;
As like will gather still to like
Shrewd and sagacious planners,
Mustachio led, they followed suit,
And rode at Lord George Manners,
Trusting his knowledge of the ground,
His own paternal acres,
To bring them safely in at last, of jumps
No longer takers.

And now farewell to all brave youths,
Until another season;
To spin a longer rhyme than this,
Would be quite out of reason;
Mind when you come next year again,
You come prepared for going,

Mind, when you come next year again,
You come prepared for going—
Come one, come all! Goodall will give
Your best of steeds a blowing.
The Belvoir hounds will faster run,
The fences will grow larger,
And the sport will satisfy your first,
As well as second charger.

What we should have done if we'd found in Cotmanhay Wood.

February 10th, 1863.

Those Derbyshire men—those Derbyshire men—
That rode at the fox in the morning,
Are gone to their homes, and without broken legs,
Though one of them did get a warming.
"D'ye think we shall find Master Wilson?" said Jack—
(The black coat was all brown from a fall)
"I fear not, I fear not, I fear not at all;"
And he thought of his own aching back.
We'll try it—we'll try it; for "Tuesday" has said
That foxes are plentiful here—
(Perhaps "Tuesday" knows where)
And perhaps he knows why it was idle to try
At Shipley, and Spondon so near.
Yoi! over in try for him! Yoi, rattle him up!
Yoi, rattle up Tuesday's fox;
Yoi in try for him, red Bellman!
"Gone away!" from old Ben Boothroyd;
"Gone away! away! away!"

"Who's that going at the gate there?
Who's the man upon the grey?"
Five and forty of us started;
Five and thirty stopt before
Twenty minutes had departed,
And were never heard of more.
"Hold hard!" (a check) "Hi you, sir, hold hard!
Who are you? what's your name?"
"I havn't got a name—I havn't got a name!
But they sometimes call me the 'Devil of Derby.'"

Hark holloa! hark holloa! the boy on the hill!
Hark holloa! and forwards away!
We're in for a run—we are in for a kill—
Who the devil's the man on the grey?
Frank Smith's had a fall, and a bad one.
Where's Tuesday? he's in a big drain—
Till we come again perhaps he'll remain.
That man on the grey is a mad one.
Jack's horse is going at a fence dead beat—
He must be down—he is!
Oh, Charley Symmonds, could you see him now,
You would not say he is very very meet
To carry sixteen stone.
"You want a third horse, Jack—take mine;
Take Mercury, he's not half done;
I'll soon get yours out of the ditch,
And ride him the rest of the run."

Now the grass revives the scent;
Now the hounds begin to run;
What shall stop us or prevent
Us, but the setting of the sun?

It's an Annesley fox before us,
And his point is Annesley Springs;
Well he knows the earths are open,
And the knowledge lends him wings.

What's the line of dirty pollards?
That's the Erewash, broad and deep;
If you cannot swim like mallards
You had better try and leap.

The man on the grey is well over,
The man with the patch has got in:
Four of the nine have got over—
Three out of the lot are well in.

Oh for another twenty minutes of light!
Oh for a little longer day!
Or we shall certainly run into night,
And have to ride the rest as best we may.

Ben has given over trying
Now to reach the open earths,
For the chesnut's nearly dying,
And he's broken both his girths.
See, the leading hounds are running
Just as if they had a view.

What's that dark thing by the hedgerow?
Its the fox! yoi! tallyho!
Forwards! forwards! tallyho!
Frolic has him! Who-hoop, Frolic!
Who-hoop! who-hoop! who-hoop!

B. Leighton, 1863.

SONG.

Johnny's freaks invite my song—
Johnny's always in the wrong;
Ever plotting, ever peddling,
Up to every sort of meddling.
Does a duke take to his hounds,
And subscribers save some pounds;
Would a lord his horses sell,
Johnny can the prices tell:
Would a viscount try his horse,
Johnny's ready on the course:
Does a rich man want advice,
Johnny's with him in a trice:
If a man fall in a brook,
Down he is in Johnny's book:
Does a breeder wish to know
How to cross, that Johnny 'll show;
Are your foxhounds light of tongue,
Johnny 'll tell you where you're wrong;
You'd the Derby winner know,
You must straight to Johnny go;
Would you some old China buy,
Submit it once to Johnny's eye;
If you would consult the same,
J—— W—— is his name:
And at Barrowby you'll find
This young man with well-stored mind.

GASKELL.

BANKS WRIGHT'S LEAD FROM THE CURATE GORSE,

JANUARY 22ND, 1869.

How little could we think that we
Should hear a man of sixty-three
Had done a trick we must admire,
To beat the field in Leicestershire.

Yet once again our well-known friend
Has proved "to blood there is no end."
'Tis ages since Sir Richard's day,
When brother Banks oft led the way.

Now pass we on from bygone days,
And give the guerdon of our praise
To one who, from the Curate Gorse,
Tailed off a lot of Melton Horse.

Away they streamed! high looked each leap—
The rains had made the country deep;
But Banks ne'er heeds the ground a bit,
And takes the lead on Goodson's tit.

Him follows Musters, who can show
How weight can o'er a country go;
But ah! the sad decree of Fate!
He falls, and lands upon his pate.

Not minding Musters or his pip,
Comes cramming on the second whip;
Whilst Clowes is making up leeway,
And means to hold his place to-day.

We surely saw at covert side
Full many a swell intend to ride:
The scent is high—the pace is rare—
See, Banks is first! the rest "nowhere."

For fifteen minutes had the pace
Been equal to a two-mile race,
When, close at hand, appears in view
A Bullfinch you can scarce see through.

Now, Banks! now, Clowes! who has it first?
No time to pause in such a burst;
To take a pull, Banks makes his mind,
And, squeezing through, leaves Clowes behind.

Along the grassy Broughton grounds
He sails away 'long-side the hounds;
O'er Hickling Standard on they fly,
And Rowhoe Wood afar espy.

No longer now the hounds can own
The scent, the fox is sorely blown;
He twists and turns, lets up the field,
And Banks his pride of place must yield.

"Aha," cries he, "hear what I say—
I never, really, till to-day,
Cut down a field, as you must own,
Who saw me leading all alone.

"I've often in Northamptonshire
Cut down a field, o'er fences higher;
And well you know, how once from Crick,
I Lady Stamford beat on Dick.

"Yet here I am at sixty-three,
As good a man as you can see;
My azure breeches still can show
The way you bouquet-swells should go.

"Ah! now the hounds are at a check—
I'll pat thee, Goodson, on the neck;
For though a farmer's tit, you'll own,
With hands like mine you are not blown.

"Were but Lord Henry here to view
The ease with which I brought you thro',
No longer should I hear his tale—
I'll send you, Banks, a martingale"

So here at present ends my tale;
The fox he died in yonder vale,
Where Rowhoe Wood a shelter gave,
Tho' useless now, to Reynard save.

JOHN PEEL.

Did you ken John Peel, with his coat so grey?
He lived in Coalbank once on a day;
But now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er see his like in the morning.

CHORUS.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the voice of his hounds that he ofttimes led:
John Peel's view hollow might awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken'd John Peel, with his coat so grey,
He lived in Coalbank once on a day;
But now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er see his like in the morning.

Chorus.

Did you ken that hound whose voice was death?
Did you ken her sons of equal birth?
Oft, oft has the fox with his latest breath
Cursed those hounds as he died in the morning.

Chorus.

Yes, I ken'd that hound, and Ruby too,
Rattler, and Reefer, and Belmont too;
From a drag to a chase, from a chase to a view,
From a view to a kill in the morning.

Chorus.

Then here's to John Peel, with my heart and my soul;
Come, fill up, oh, fill up, another bowl;
I'd follow John Peel through fair and through foul,
If I wanted a hunt in the morning.

Chorus.

HOE HILL.

TUNE: "THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN."

In a nice little village, not far from the Trent,
There lives an old cove whose mind on sport's bent;
But "his" sporting consists in spoiling the fun
Of his friends who indulge in the sports of a run.

One morn this old farmer he marshalled his men
By a fox-cover side—the clock had struck ten;
And oh! it was near to a beautiful "hill"
Where the monster, revenge, his vitals did fill.

There was Harry and Dick, and Joe and big Bob,
And Johnny commanding on his little cob;
Says he, you mun keep old sly Reynard in,
And at night I will ply you with brandy and gin.

But soon consternation their bosoms did fill,
For though "marshalled" in order they were not in drill:
As horseman and hound, with quick merry bound,
Came gallantly up at the horn-thrilling sound.

Hark! 'tention lads, that's old Rallywood's note—
Oh! I wish in my heart he'd a bone in his throat;
For I ne'er heard the sound of his musical tongue,
But was sure of a find—and that's one, or I'm wrong.

These words scarcely uttered, bold Ren poked his nose
Through an opposite smeuse to take stock of his foes;
Says he, "by this way I am certain to pass,
For I see nothing there but a monstrous big ass."

By Jove he was right; not one—there were five
As overgrown donkeys as e'er they could thrive—
So out Reynard came to show them some fun,
And he shook his old brush, and away he did run.

Hark, hark! the view-halloo, tallyho! tallyho!
O'er wheat and o'er seeds they ride "straight as a crow,"
While poor Johnny swore all their sport he would sap,
By killing the foxes with poison or trap.

Now John with his men, all as sulky as bears,
To his snug little cottage at Motgrave repairs;
But he thought it would be a shame and a sin
To treat his brave heroes (?) with brandy and gin.

So he called for his pipe his spirits to cheer,
And made himself bosky by drinking strong beer:
But when pillowed his head, no sleep could be found,
For his mind was still haunted by horses and hound.

MORAL.

Now take warning, ye farmers who broad acres own;
By the side of a cover don't grumble and groan,
If o'er seeds or wheat the hounds perchance pass,
For instead of a "brick" you'll be wrote down an "ass."

"ROUSE, BOYS, ROUSE."

TO THE TUNE OF "HUNTING THE HARE."

Rouse, boys, rouse, 'tis a fine hunting morning:
Rouse, boys, rouse, and prepare for the chase:
Let not the time fly that's spent in adorning,
But on to cover hie at a good pace.
There when you find, sir,
The country's divine, sir,
The fences are whackers, the brooks are not small;
But were they larger, sir,
Boldly we'd charge 'em, sir,
Nor care a farthing, sir, how oft we fall.

Now from the cover the fox he is driven, sir :
Hark how the valleys re-echo the call ;
'Tis Osbaldeston's voice reaching the heavens, boys,
Hallooing "forward" loud as he can bawl.
Then there's such spluttering,
Spurting and sputtering,
Each one so anxious to be in the van ;
At the first rattling leap,
Ox-fence or field-deep,
Onward the good ones creep—catch them who can.

White on the right, sir, is in the first flight, sir,
And quite out of sight, sir, of those in the rear ;
And with him goes Neville, and Berkeley, that devil
Who of good or evil knows no hope or fear.
Molyneux strives at
What horse scarce dare rise at,
Bold Plymouth bullfinches close at his side ;
Musgrave on Antelope,
Baird upon Jenny Hope,
Over the grassy slope forward they ride.

Prince of the heavy-weights, Tweedale, is bruising ;
Maxse, on Cognac, cannot be beat ;
Poor Johnny Campbell's horse, long since refusing,
And struggling convulsively, dies at his feet.
Coke on the pony, sir,
Scarce has a crony, sir,
Standish has distanced the crowd by afar ;
While at a place, sir,
That few men dare face, sir,
Without checking pace, sir, drives Valentine Maher.

Our pace is the best, sir; the fox is hard press'd, sir:
The hounds run with zest, sir, heads up and sterns down;
He can't reach yon cover; no, no, 'tis all over—
Hark how the death-pealing tallies resound.
Dined—o'er our claret
We'll talk of the merit
Of ev'ry choice spirit that rode to this run;
And while we drink round, sir,
Let's drink to those hounds, sir,
Who over such ground, sir, could show us such fun.

LORD LONSDALE'S HARRIERS.

It was an Earl of ancient name
Who hunted the fox, but preferred him tame;
Though his sire had been a hunter free
As bold as e'er rode o'er a grass countrie.
This sire once mounted his high-bred horse,
And viewed the wild fox from hill-side gorse;
His son had come down by the second class train,
Worried a bagman and home again.
Tis half-past twelve by the railway clocks,
And the Earl he has called for his horse and his fox;
And behind the Earl there rides the Earl's groom,
And there comes a man with a big birch broom—
Clad in the Earl's discarded breeches—
To tickle the fox when he comes to the ditches.
The Earl's admirers are ranged in Brown's yard;
They all wear top boots, and intend to ride hard;
Whether the wily fox or timid hare
Be the game to-day, they none of them care.

'Twas well for the Earl he had called for his fox,
And brought him from Tring in a little deal box:
For three hours and more they drew for a hare—
They drew in vain, all was blank despair.
Then said the Earl to the elder Brown,
Open your box and turn him down.
So they turned him down in Aylesbury vale,
In sight of a fence called a post and rail,
To suit the views of a certain gent,
Who rather liked rails and thought he *went*.
Over the fence the first to fly
Was the gent, of course, but the fox was shy,
And would have declined, but the Earl and his groom,
And the field, and the gent, and the man with the broom,
Two boys in a cart, and the Browns, Sam and John,
Would not hear of his shirking, and drove him on.
A pleasant line the captive took,
Would not have doubles, avoided the brook;
As you may imagine he went by rule,
Only taking the leaps he learnt at school.
Two hounds, of Baron Rothschild's breed,
Unmatch'd for courage, strength, and speed,
Close on his flying traces came,
And almost won that desperate game,
When, just as the Earl prepared to sound
The death who-whoop, he ran to ground.
So they dug him out—and the Earl and his groom,
And the Browns, and the gent, and the man with the broom,
And the fox and the hounds are at Tring again,
And the Earl has gone home by the four o'clock train.

THE SOUTH NOTTS. HUNT, 1833.

On the ancient Foss road I arrived rather late—
Bold Reynard I spied creeping under a gate;
He had stolen away from the Cropwell Hoe Hill,
Whilst the hounds in the cover were challenging still.

A pause for one moment. Away with suspense!
Hark! the horn blows aloud—they are over the fence.
See Villager leads them! Inspire, then, my verse,
Sweet muse, while the sports of the day I rehearse.

See the pack are all streaming breast-high down the hill,
And the scent is so good they are certain to kill:
Say who, gentle muse, in this fine rattling burst,
Say who, gentle muse, shall we mention the first.

Now, fortune preserve him from doubt or disaster—
Lo, cheering his hounds, behold Dansey the Master;
And oh, if his hounds go along at this pace,
I wish in my heart he may still keep his place.

Breaks away like a rocket, a little too fast,
Billy Musters as usual—we'll hope it won't last;
'Tis pity some sportsmen can't keep within bounds,
Or remember they come out to *follow* the hounds.

All anecdote, rattle, good humour, and fun,
In a very good place now the work is begun;
Lord Rancliffe, on Gildrigg, is going at score,
And bestriding old Sovereign, that jewel, Tom Moore.

See Rolleston, you'd think that he sat in a chair;
Old Musters, a man in ten thousand, is there.
The great Duke of Limbs, (1) man of muscle and bone,
On Shamrock is taking a line of his own.

The Colonel (2) is there too, a slasher at starting,
And next after him comes that welter, George Martin;
And he, too, the hero whom brook, fence, or gate,
Could never yet hinder—the wild Captain Raite.

Never flinching a jump, never heeding a fall,
His elbows as high as his ears, sir, that's all:
So determined his look, I could swear, at a mile,
Bruce Campbell is putting his horse at a stile.

Then Story and Sherwin, Fox, Salmond, and Wright,
We've just time to note down their names in our flight:
There's Jessop, who sits as if he were waxed,
And Close showing rather more light than is taxed.

Next, on lean clipt muscular horses so fleet,
The barracks, this morning, have sent their élite;
And pretty good men, in a dashing quick run,
Are Copeland, and Elliot, and Dyer, and Dunn. (3)

Now soar, gentle muse, for we next must aspire,
Tho' Diana be jealous, to sketch Mrs. Dyer:
Not first in the throng the fair huntress you'll find,
For the throng, you may swear, she's left safely behind.

John Becher is there too, so free of his neck,
And with him his neighbour, the valiant Trebeck;
From Southwell these worthies have travelled post,
Just to witness the runs the South Notts. can boast.

---

(1) Joseph Whitaker, Esq (2) Colonel Hancox.
(3) Officers of Queen's Bays.

Of farmers a few, and no better I'll swear,
In this or the next hunting country there are:
The Butlers, the Barnetts, so firm and so quiet,
With Pilgrim and Talbot and eke Harry Pyatt.

Then he who perchance might handle a pill well,
Tho' no hand at the ribbons, the Doctor (4) from Chilwell;
Quite flash in new pink, and he'll keep pretty right,
As long as he keeps Tommy Butler in sight.

'Twere hard to remember the whole of the names,
But who would Tom Campbell forget or young James?
Or he who may set, but ne'er break any limbs,
The Doctor, par excellence, "Watts" of the hymns?

We've done with the flyers, and yet it were hard
If we could not one stanza bestow on the bard;
Of rhymes he would venture to sport all his stock, oh!
If Pegasus carried as safely as Jocko. (5)

The Foss Reynard crossed, and for Stragglethorpe shows,
But wheels, and for Saxondale points his sharp nose:
There pressed, he runs stoutly and right down the wind,
And near Werton the hounds are but one field behind.

There headed before he can enter the wood;
For Bingham he points, but the hounds make it good:
And in fifty-five minutes, with never a check,
In the lane by Aslockton they've hold of his neck.

Then resume we, fair muse, now the thread of the tale—
There are three miles of sportsmen at least on the trail:
And some so well known in the annals of fame,
If they can't live the pace they are sure to die game.

(4) Dr. Owen Davies.
(5) The horse of Mr. Butler, the author of the poem.

See, bestriding the Pearl, with a vast deal of grace,
Canters Donington's Marquis, not last in the race:
With a straggling Meltonian, so foreign his air,
'Tis Matuschevitz surely, the Chargé d'Affaires.

He surely must beat all the field into fits
If long prices could do it, Count Matuschevitz;
But five hundred by fifty still beaten is found,
If fifty goes straight and five hundred goes round.

Then a squadron of steady ones, all holding tight,
Lowe, Barker, and Taylor, and Ichabod Wright,
Good men in their day, and the gentle muse adds,
"She wishes their sons were as good as their dads."

Squire Edge (and your twenty stone fellows may scoff)
Protests that "the old ones have all left it off,"
And moreover adds, in his good-humoured fun,
The young ones, he thinks, "can have scarcely begun."

Next in slate-coloured smalls, just to look at the sport,
See Counsellor Balguy, who still seems in Court;
'Tis true with the gown and the wig he dispenses,
But still cross-examines with care all the fences.

Looking hard for a gate, or a gap, or a twitchill,
From far Bobbers' Mill see the great Mr. Mitchell;
Like most heavy weights, light-hearted and merry,
With something to say about Pastime and Jerry.

A long way to leeward behold the last man
Takes a very long day on a very soft plan;
Like a chess-player, meditates long ere he moves;
Ere he goes at a gap, waits to draw on his gloves.

Last of all the last men, does he come out for sport?
As the man never rides, does he come to report?
Yet hold, or the muse will be growing severe—
Noisy Martin, as usual, will bring up the rear.

Then on parting, sweet muse, I must say, to my fancy,
There are no hounds on earth like the hounds of old Dansey;
Let flattery abide in the castle or court,
But these are the darlings for genuine sport.

REV. W. J. BUTLER.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE TALENT OF MELTON IN 1820, BY THE REV. J. EMPSON.

1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
T. A. Smith	V. Maher	F. Burdett
Lindow, Rolleston	Maxse	Chester, F. Bentinck
Jersey	Osbaldeston	McKenzie
Chaworth, Cholmondeley, C. W. Forester	Mills	Aylesford, Megler, Moore
Sir Bell. Graham	Pierrepoint	Petre
Davy	Lucas, F. Forester	Napier
White	Dartmouth	Walker
Ramsden, 2	Bradshaw	Drummond
Lowther, 3	Lord Bernard	Arnold
Standish, Joey Smith	Vane Powlett	The Duke, Lord Lonsdale
Plymouth	Lord Tavistock	
Rancliffe	Lord C. Manners	
Alvanley	Dollin	
	Xtie	

SIX HILLS,

December 17th, 1869.

'Twas a day towards the end of December,
And windy and wild was the morn;
Still none of us, I well remember,
E'er dreamt of deserting the Quorn.

Each one bustled along on his hack
To Six Hills, the advertised meet,
Where once more this favourite pack,
And once more the Quornites we meet.

The order was given for going;
We trotted along down the Foss;
Frank Gillard lost no time in throwing
His hounds into Cossington Gorse.

A very few minutes were over
When we heard the deep notes of the pack;
The fox tried each side of the cover,
And each time he was headed back.

After this, as we might have expected,
Our fox to break cover declined;
An hour or more we were collected,
And pierced by a most bitter wind.

The Field, their impatience betraying,
Were to and fro riding about;
And many a sportsman was saying,
"I wish I had never come out."

They little knew what was to follow;
They little knew what was in store—
Hark! hark! that must be Machin's holloa.
The fox has made one trial more.

This time I'll lay odds he means going—
By Jingo, this time he's away;
The hounds, tho' a west wind is blowing,
Seem as if they would show him some play.

For Seagrave at first he was making,
Then our fox seemed for Walton inclined;
But not liking the line he was taking
Chang'd his purpose and turned down the wind.

Now, those who rode in the first scurry
Were beginning to shake off the cold,
When sharp to the right in a hurry
He led us o'er Thrussington Wold.

Neither deigning to stay in this wood,
Nor yet to seek refuge in holes,
By Ragdale he gallantly stood,
And soon safely reached Shoby Scholes.

From hence the pace greatly improved,
For here we got up to our fox,
Who, once from this cover removed,
Found that he was in the wrong box.

Close to Lord Aylesford's cover we pass:
Of Grimston we just get a sight;
Then stream away over the grass,
And for Saxilby turn to the right.

The new cover at Welby appearing,
We view the fox climbing the hill:
Hear Gillard his favourites cheering,
And forward they go with a will.

O'er the ground at a merry pace sailing,
Hounds had not to stoop to the scent:
I noticed a smart bit of tailing
As point blank for Melton he went.

The fences here several impeded,
And others were getting abroad,
When happen'd, and some say 'twas needed,
A check in the Nottingham road.

Here a forward cast quickly availing,
Some the chase altogether forsook,
Perhaps conscious their horses were failing.
And forward we go for the brook.

Here the good ones—the water defying—
Swept onward; some on the banks stood;
Whilst others were bent upon trying
To see if the bottom was good.

Now our fox we considered as lost;
The hounds his line scarcely could find;
The turnpike for Grantham we crossed,
And now leave Thorpe Arnold behind.

The fox jumped up soon after in view;
A few fields they merrily went;
But even this chance will not do—
The hounds have again lost the scent.

We hunted his line to the river,
His head straight for Stapleford Park,
Then whipped off near Burbidge's cover—
'Twas four o'clock and getting dark.

We twenty miles must have gone over,
Consid'ring the line we did go;
For Thorpe Arnold to Cossington Cover
Is twelve miles as flieth the crow.

The absence to-day of the master,
(Who thus lost this prime bit of fun,)
Was regretted by all—for if faster
He'd have kept a front place in the run.

THE WOORE COUNTRY.

Now the sunshine of summer is over,
Once more we behold the glad pack;
And Wicksted appears at the cover
Once more on old Mercury's back;
And Wells in the saddle is seated,
Tho' with scarce a whole bone in his skin;
His cheer by the echo repeated,
"Loo in, little dearies, loo in."

How eagerly forward they rush;
In a moment how widely they spread—
"Have at him there, Hotspur—hush, hush!
'Tis a find, or I'll forfeit my head."
Fast flies the fox away: faster
The hounds from the cover are freed;
The horn to the mouth of the master,
The spur to the flank of his steed.

May the names I record in this metre
When my own is forgotten survive:
From Tunstall comes one they call Peter,
And three from the Styche they call Clive:
There's Hammond from Wistaston bringing
All the news of the neighbouring shire:
Fitzherbert, renown'd for his singing,
And "Dorfold's" invincible Squire.

Few sportsmen so gallant, if any,
Did Woore ever lend to the chase;
Each dingle for him has a cranny,
Each river a fordable place;
He knows the best time for each cover;
He knows where to stand for a start:
And long may he live to ride over
The country he loves in his heart.

There's Henry, the purple clad vicar,
So earnestly plying the steel;
Conductor conducting him quicker
Each prick from the spur at his heel.
Were my life to depend on the wager,
I know not which brother to back,
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
The purple, the pink, or the black.

On a steed thorough-bred there's a bruiser,
Ne'er known o'er a country to flag;
The name of the man is John Crewe, sir,
And Ajax the name of the nag.
There's Aqualate's Baronet Boughey,
Who's eye still on Wicksted is cast;
Should the fox run till midnight I know he
Will stick by his friend to the last.

There's Ford, the fox-finder, how cheery
To ride by his side in a run;
Whether midnight or morn never weary
Of revel, and frolic, and fun.
When they lay this good fellow the tomb in
He shall not be mocked with a bust,
But the favourite evergreen blooming
Shall spring and o'ershadow his dust.

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
Now Chantress commences her song;
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Sinbad is sailing along;
Old Wells closely after them cramming,
His soul quite absorbed in the fun,
Continues unconsciously damming
Their dear little hearts as they run.

When the scent on the fallow is failing,
Should a check from o'er-riding ensue,
Hear Charley the mischief bewailing
With sorrow so touching and true:
"Friends, gentlemen, and fox-hunters there now,
You all on my ruin are bent;
Hold hard, sirs, I ask, is it fair now
All over the line of the scent?"

'Tis but for a moment we tarry;
One cast and they hit it anew—
See, see, what a head they now carry,
And see now they run him in view.
More eager for blood at each stroke,
See Vengeance and Vulpecide rush;
Poor Reynard, he thinks it no joke,
Hearing Joker so close at his brush.

See Soldier prepared for the brunt—
Hark! Champion's challenge I hear;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Havock pursues in the rear.
Who-whoop! there's an end to the scurry;
Now Charley, with might and with main,
First dances, then shouts, "worry, worry!"
Then shouts and then dances again.

A fig for your Leicestershire swells,
While Wicksted such sport can ensure;
Long life to that varmint, old Wells;
Success to the country of Woore.
Let statesmen with politics parley;
Let heroes go fight for renown;
While I've health to go hunting with Charley,
I envy no monarch his crown.

KIRBY GATE.

At Kirby Gate the gorse we drew;
That a travelling fox was there, we knew;
He was owned by a sportsman staunch and true
As ever got up in the morning.

The Squire was there on his trustiest steed,
The boast of the country for bone and breed.
Jack Stevens rode his wiry weed
To cover betimes in the morning.

Her tongue we heard old Prioress throw,
Who never yet spoke false, you know;
Frank Holyoake viewed the varmint go
With a "forrard away" in the morning.

Now o'er the pasture lands they sail—
But the fences run large in the Leicestershire Vale.
And there's bellows to mend, and a lengthened tail,
Though 'tis early yet in the morning.

How far more silent the field has grown;
At the next ox-fence a dozen are down;
But the Earl and the Squire still hold their own
And give them a lead in the morning.

The Whissendine brook ran deep and wide,
But the foremost flight ne'er turned aside,
And six took it fairly in their stride,
With a "forrard away" in the morning.

Two hundred started fair or more,
But they all tailed off ere the run was o'er,
And to see him die there were but four
Of all who got up in the morning.

But the Squire was there, the people said,
And the tree tops shook on Wood'ell Head
When his cheer, which told the fox was dead,
Woke the echoes up in the morning.

When the Quorn next meet at Kirby Gate,
Unless you can go when the hounds run straight,
You may take my word for the death you're late,
Though you're there with the first in the morning.

QUÆSITUM MERITIS.

A club of good fellows we meet once a year,
When the leaves of the forest are yellow and sere:
By the motto that shines on each glass it is shown
We pledge in our cups the deserving alone;
Our glass a quæsitum, ourselves Cheshire men,
May we fill it and drink it again and again.

We hold in abhorrence all vulpecide knaves,
With their gins, and their traps, and their velveteen slaves;
They may feed their fat pheasants, their foxes destroy,
And mar the prime sport they themselves can't enjoy;
But such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

That man of his wine is unworthy indeed
Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need;
Who keeps for nought else but to purge them with balls—
Like dog in the manger—his nags in their stalls.
Such fellows as these we good sportsmen condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

Some riders there are who, too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gate in their next neighbour's face;
Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall;
Some ride over friends, hounds, and horses, and all:
Such riders as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

For coffee house gossip some hunters come out—
Of all matters prating save that they're about;
From scandal and cards they to politics roam:
They ride forty miles, head the fox, and go home
Such sportsmen as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

Since one fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing;
That man we all honour, whatever his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is drawn blank.
Quæsitum, quæsitum, fill up to the brim—
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

Oh give me the man to whom nought comes amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this;
Thro' falls and bad starts who undauntedly still
Rides up to this motto, "Be with them I will."
Quæsitum, quæsitum, fill up to the brim—
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

Oh give me the man who can ride thro' a run,
Nor engross to himself all the glory when done;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a screw;
Who loves a run best when his friend sees it too.
Quæsitum, quæsitum, fill up to the brim—
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

Oh give me the man who himself goes the pace,
And whose table is free to all friends of the chase;
Should a spirit so choice in this wide world be seen,
He rides, you may swear, in a collar of green.
Quæsitum, quæsitum, fill up to the brim—
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

OLD OULTON LOWE.

Bad luck to the country, the clock had struck two—
We had found ne'er a fox in the gorses we drew;
When each heart felt a thrill in the sound tally ho!
Once more a view-hollo from Old Oulton Lowe.

Away like a whirlwind towards Calverley Hall;
For the first thirty minutes Pug laughed at us all:
Our nags cured of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
Ere the laugh was with us we were most of us beat.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
Ah! we little thought then that the race was her last;
Accurst be the stake that was stained with her blood:
But why cry for spilt milk? may the next be as good.

'Twas a sight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
To see the Black Squire how he rode the Black Mare:
The meed that he merits the muse shall bestow—
First, foremost, and fleetest, from Old Oulton Lowe.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France;
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our chance:
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake, the nation,
By dint of coercion and great agitation.

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the maiden who rides like a man;
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot brow:
Their bristles are up, sir; they're hard at him now!

In the pride of his heart, then, the manager cried.
Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you ride?
How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,
As he gave her the go by on Bonny Brown Bess.

The Baron from Hanover halloo'd who-whoop,
While he thought of the lion that ate him half up;
Well pleased to have baulk'd the wild beast of his dinner,
He was up in his stirrups and rode like a winner.

Oh where, 'mid the many found wanting in speed:
Oh where, and oh where, was the Wistaston steed?
Dead beat, still his rider so licked him and pricked him,
He thought—well he might—'twas the devil that kick'd him.

The Cestrian Chesnut show'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the wood.
Where now is Dollgosh? where the racer from Dunham?
Such fast ones as these, what mishap has o'erta'en 'em?

THE BREECHES,
1841.

When I mention "The Breeches," I feel no remorse,
For the ladies all know 'tis an evergreen gorse;
They are not of leather, they are not of plush,
But expressly cut out for Joe Maiden to brush.

Good luck to the 'prentice by whom they were made;
His shears were a ploughshare, his needle a spade;
May each landlord a pair of this pattern bespeak,
The Breeches that lasted us three days a week.

The fox is away, and Squire Royds made it known,
Setting straightway to work at a pace of his own;
Past him sped Tollemache, as instant in flight
As a star when it shoots through the azure of night.

They who witness'd the pack as it skirted the Spa,
By the head they then carried, a struggle foresaw:
At their heels a white horse, with his head in the air,
But his bridle was loose and his saddle was bare.

May Peel (near The Breeches at starting o'erthrown,
Where he left the impression, in mud, of his own),
When next he thinks fit this white horse to bestraddle,
See less of The Breeches, and more of the saddle.

From Spurstow we pointed towards Banbury Church;
Some rounding that cover were left in the lurch;
By Hurleston we hurried, nor e'er tighten'd rein
Till checked for a moment in Baddiley lane.

When we passed the old gorse and the meadows beneath;
When, across the canal, we approach'd Aston Heath;
There were riders who took to the water like rats;
There were steeds without horsemen and men without hats.

How many came down to the Eddleston brook?
How many came down not to leap but to look?
The steeds that stood still with a stick in their side
Will remember the day when The Breeches were tried.

The pack pressing onwards, still merrily went,
Till at Dorfold they needed no longer a scent;
Man and maid rushing forth, stood aloft on the wall,
And uprais'd a view-hollo that shook the old hall.

Too weak for the open, too hot for the drain,
He cross'd and recross'd Ran' moor covers in vain;
When he reach'd the Bull's wood he lay down in despair,
And we hollow'd whoo-whoop! as they worried him there.

Puss in Boots is a fable to children well known;
The dog in a doublet at Sandon is shown;
Henceforth, when a landlord good liquor can boast,
Let the fox and The Breeches be hung on his post.

From Vulpecide villains our foxes secure;
May these evergreen Breeches till doomsday endure:
Go! all ye good squires, if my ditty should please,
Go clothe your bare acres in Breeches like these.

WARBURTON.

THE SPECTRE STAG:

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

A Baron lived in Germany,
Of old and noble race,
Whose mind was wholly bent upon
The pleasures of the chase.

Thro' Summer's sultry dog-days,
Thro' Winter's frost severe;
This Baron's hunting season
Was twelve months in the year.

From dawn till dark he hunted,
And the truth I grieve to speak:
The number of his hunting days
Was seven in the week.

No lands within his seignorie
  Was serf allowed to till;
No cornfield in the valley;
  No vineyard on the hill.

What marvel hungry poachers—
  When the Baron was a-bed—
Were bent on stealing venison
  For very lack of bread.

But woe that wretch betided
  Who in the quest was found;
On the stag he would have slaughter'd
  Was his naked body bound.

Born, like Mazeppa, headlong
  From the panting quarry's back
He saw the thirsty blood-hounds
  Let loose upon his track.

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
  On the mangled victims feast,
And, mixed in one red slaughter,
  Flows the blood of man and beast.

The Baron thus his pastime
  Pursued until he died;
My tale shall tell how this befell
  On the eve of Eastertide:

The moon rose o'er the forest,
  And the distant village chime
Called sinners to confession,
  And bespoke a hallow'd time—

When suddenly a strange halloo
  Was heard around the ring!
The hunter seized his bow and placed
  An arrow on the string.

The cry, the cheer, the tumult
  Of the chase—and then, display'd
By the pale light of the moonbeam,
  Far adown the forest glade,

Was seen, with brow full antler'd,
  A monster stag—his back
Bestridden by a huntsman
  Apparell'd all in black.

Their eyes unto their master
  The crouching pack upraised;
The master, on his trembling steed,
  At the sight was sore amazed.

"Ye curs," he cried, "why stir ye not?
  A curse upon the breed!
And you, ye loitering varlets,
  Where are ye in such need?"

To summon, then, his followers,
  He grasped his hunting horn;
Through the forest's deep recesses
  The echoing blast was borne,

But borne in vain—his retinue
  No note in answer gave;
And the silence that succeeded
  Was the silence of the grave.

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to distant crag,
Nought saw he save the spectre
Goading on that grisly stag.

The nearer it approached him
The larger still it grew;
Again he seized his hunting horn,
And his gasping breath he drew:

Eye, cheek, and throat distended,
Each fibre strained to blow;
His life-breath past in that bugle blast,
And he fell from the saddle bow.

Where the Baron's chase was ended
There they laid his bones to rot;
And his heirs in after ages
Built a chapel on the spot.

And still that note is heard to float
Through the woods at Eastertide;
From hill to hill re-echoing still
The strain by which he died.

R. E. Egerton Warburton.

THE GALLOPING SQUIRE.

Come, I'll show you a country that none can surpass
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing:
We have acres of woodland and oceans of grass;
We have game in the autumn and cubs in the spring;
We have scores of good fellows hang out in the shire,
But the best of them all is the galloping Squire.

The galloping Squire to the saddle has got,
While the dewdrop is melting in gems on the thorn;
From the kennel he's drafted the pink of his lot—
How they swarm to his cheer, how they fly to his horn.
Like harriers turning or chasing like fire,
"I can trust them, each hound," says the galloping Squire.

One wave of his arm, to the cover they throng—
"Yoi, wind him and rouse him, by Jove he's away."
Thro' a gap in the oaks see them speeding along
O'er the open like pigeons, they mean it to-day;
You may jump till you're sick, you may spur till you tire,
For it's catch 'em who can, says the galloping Squire.

Then he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye,
As they come in his line o'er banks, fences, and rails,
The cramped ones to creep and the fair ones to fly.
It's a *very* queer place that will put in the mire
Such a rare one to ride as the galloping Squire.

But a fallow has brought to their noses the pack,
And the pasture beyond is with cattle stains spread;
One wave of his arm, and the Squire in a crack
Has lifted and thrown in the beauties at head.
On a morning like this it's small help you require,
But he's forward, I'll swear, says the galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race—
'Tis a heaven to some, 'tis a lifetime to all;
Though the horses they ride are such gluttons for pace,
There are stout ones that stop, there are safe ones that fall;
But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,
For they're all in the rear of the galloping Squire.

'Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,
All stiffened and draggled, held high for a throw,
O'er the Squire's jolly visage is grinning in Death
Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below;
While the daws flutter out from a neighbouring spire
At the thrilling who-whoop of the galloping Squire.

And the labourer at work, and the lord in his hall,
Have a jest or a smile when they hear of the sport;
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
For they never expect to see more of the sort;
And long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
For we breed very few like the galloping Squire.

WHYTE MELVILLE.

THE FOX AND THE BRAMBLES.

Before the pack for many a mile
A fox had sped in gallant style;
But gasping with fatigue at last,
The clamorous hounds approached him fast;
Though painful now the toilsome race,
With draggled brush and stealthy pace,
Still onward for his life he flies.
He nears the woods—before him lies
A tangled mass of thorn and bramble;
In vain beneath he tries to scramble,
So springing, heedless of his skin,
With desperate bound he leaps within.
The prickly thicket o'er him closes;
To him it seemed a bed of roses,
As there he lay and heard around
The baying of the baffled hound.

Within that bush, his fears allay'd,
He many a sage reflection made:
"'Tis true, whene'er I stir," he cried,
"The brambles wound my bleeding side;
But he who seeks may seek in vain
For perfect bliss, then why complain?
Since, mingled in one current, flow
Both good and evil, joy and woe,
Oh, let me still with patience bear
The evil for the good that's there.
Howe'er upleasant this retreat,
Yet every bitter has its sweet—
The brambles pierce my skin, no doubt;
The hounds had torn my entrails out."

Good farmers, read, nor take amiss
The moral which I draw from this;
Grieve not o'er gap or broken gate,
The damage small, the profit great;
The love of sport to home brings down
Your landlord from the smoky town,
To dwell and spend his rent among
The tenantry, from whom they sprung.
Though vainly, when he leads the chase,
His willing steed urged on apace;
When scent is good and hounds are fleet,
Though vainly then you shout, "ware wheat!"
That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
And yours the corn on which he's fed;
Ah! then restrain your rising ire,
Nor rashly damn the hunting Squire.

R. E. Egerton Warburton.

A WORD ERE WE START.

Boys, to the hunting field, though 'tis November,
The wind's in the south, but a word ere we start:
Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
That hunting's a science and riding an art.

The order of march, and the due regulation,
That guide us in warfare, we need in the chase;
Huntsman and whip, each his own proper station;
Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place.

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover;
The horse is an animal purposely bred,
After the pack to be ridden, not over—
Good hounds are not reared to be knocked on the head.

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breast-plate and bridle, girth, stirrups, and chain;
You will need not two arms if the mouth be well bitted,
One hand lightly used will suffice for the rein.

Buckskin's the only wear fit for the saddle;
Hat for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chase;
In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle—
The calves of a foxhunter white ones incase.

If your horse be well bred, and in blooming condition,
Both up to the country and up to your weight;
Oh, then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your saddle and keep his head straight.

Pastime for Princes, prime sport of our nation;
Strength in their sinew, and bloom on their cheek;
Health to the old, to the young recreation—
All for enjoyment the hunting-field seek.

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful;
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat:
Just enough danger to make sport delightful;
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet.

THE CHESHIRE HUNT.

Come, awake from your slumbers, jump out of your bed,
Drink your tea, mount your hack, and away to Well Head;
For who'd be behindhand, or like to be late,
When Sir Harry's fleet pack at the cover-side wait?

Those sons of old Bedford, so prized by George Heron,
So quick at a cast, and so steady to turn;
If with these fast hounds you would play a good part,
Both the rider and horse must be quick at a start.

Hark! hark! they have found him! who would not rejoice
At the soul-stirring sound of old Victor's loud voice?
He's away, I declare; don't you hear there's a holloa?
And now let us see how the gentlemen follow.

But now let me ask, who is thrusting along—
So anxious the first to get out of the throng?
Who's cramming his mare up yon steep rotten bank,
With the rein on her neck and both spurs in her flank?

There's scarcely a young one, and ne'er an old stager,
For the first twenty minutes can live with the Major; (1)
Though supposing this run for an hour should last,
I hope he won't find that he started too fast.

Who, glued to his saddle, with horse seems to fly?
'Tis a Lancashire Lord, (2) who is worth a Jew's eye;
In this run I will wager he'll keep a front seat,
For, unless his horse stops, he can never be beat.

With a seat that's so graceful, a hand that's so light,
Now racing beside him comes Leicestershire White:
Not yet gone to Melton, he this day for his pleasure
Condescends to be rural and hunt with the Cheshire.

Who's charging that rasper? do tell me, I beg,
With both hands to his bridle and swinging his leg;
On that very long mare, whose sides are so flat,
With the head of a buffalo, tail of a rat.

'Tis the gallant Sir Richard, (3) a rum one to follow,
Who dearly loves lifting the hounds to a holloa;
A straightforward man, who no jealousy knows,
And forgets all his pains when a hunting he goes.

Then next, snug and quiet, without noise or bother,
On Sheffielder, comes the brave Colonel, his brother·
He keeps steadily onward, no obstacle fears,
Like those true British heroes, the bold Grenadiers.

But who to the field now is making his bow?
'Tis the Squire of Dorfold, (4) on famed Harry Yow,
That preserver of foxes, that friend of the sport,
Though he proves no preserver of claret and port.

(1) Major Tomkinson. (2 Earl Sefton. (3) Sir R. Brooke.
(4) James Tomkinson.

And who's that, may I ask, who in purple is clad,
Riding wide of the pack, and light holding his prad ?
'Tis a bruising top-sawyer, and if there's a run,
The Rector of Davenham (5) will see all the fun.

Now hustling and bustling, now rolling about,
And pushing his way through the midst of the route—
Little Ireland (6) comes on ; for a front place he strives ;
Through rough and through smooth he his Tilbury drives.

Pray get out of the way, at the fence why so tarry,
Don't you see down upon us is coming Sir Harry ? (7)
And if you don't mind, you may p'r'aps rue the day,
When, like Wellington, you were upset by a grey.

This grey he can't hold, though his arm is not weak,
And his bridle, you see, has a very long cheek ;
But if the first flight he can't keep in his eye,
To be thereabouts he will gallantly try.

Now leaving the crowd, our attention we fix
Upon two knowing sportsmen, both riding with sticks :
The first so renowned on the turf, Squire France,
Who on his young Milo will lead them a dance :

The next is John Glegg, and I really don't brag
When I say no one better can ride a good nag—
A good nag when he has one, I mean—by the by,
Do you know who has got one ? he's wanting to buy.

Now racing along with the foremost you see,
Quite determined to go, Charley Ford on the Pea ;
This moment extatic, this joy of the chase,
His regrets for old Paddy can scarcely efface.

(5) Rev. Tomkinson. (6) Ireland Blackburne, Esq.
(7) Sir Harry Mainwaring.

For Walmsley, on Paddy, has just now past by,
And on him poor Charles has cast a sheep's eye;
But ne'er mind, for no pleasure's without its alloy,
And some day you'll again have a good one, my boy.

Who's that? I can't see by his figure—I know tho'
It can be no other than Kammond (8) on Otho;
If practice makes perfect, he's nothing to fear,
For his nag has been practiced for many a year.

Going straight to the hounds, never known to cast wider,
Now comes little Rowley, (9) the steeple chase rider;
Harry Brooke, his antagonist, quiet and steady,
And Stanley, (10) who always for business is ready.

Then there's Squire Harper, who some may call slow,
But I have seen him ride well when he chooses to go.
Little Jimmy (11) comes next, and of danger shows sense,
From the back of Surveyor, surveying the fence.

But the pride of all Cheshire, the bold Delamere,
Alas! I can't show you, for he is not here,
His collar bone's broken; don't be in a fright,
His spirit's not broken, he'll soon be all right.

(8) James Kammond, Esq., Wistaston. (9) Rowland Warburton, Esq., Arley.
(10) The Hon. W. O. Stanley. (11) Rev. J. Tomkinson.

MELTON IN 1830:

A DAY WITH

LORD SOUTHAMPTON'S HOUNDS.

Midst lowering skies, o'ercast and tinged with red,
Sol, slowly rising, quits his ocean bed,
Chases the vapours of the night away,
Illumines Melton, and proclaims the day;
Far in the East his glorious orb appears,
And smiles at once on Helpers and on Peers.
O'er gorse and wood alike, o'er hill and plain,
On brooks, still bumpers from the recent rain,
His brightest rays he cast, as if he meant
To gladden nature, but to spoil the scent.
Though bright his rising, soon his face he shrouds
Behind a mantle of o'erspreading clouds;
And ere John Clod has drove a-field his wain,
His jacket's moistened with a drizzling rain.

Now Melton sportsmen for the chase prepare;
Some curl their wigs—some merely curl their hair,—
And curse that rashness which has brought them down
So far from Crockford's and the joys of town.
Tenacious of his toggery, Musgrave fears
To spoil his garments, worn for many years;
And, though already mounted, back he goes,
And changes old ones for still older clothes:
(What's in a coat? When hounds run, he is wont
To show its back much oftener than its front.)
Now here a youth, who goes too fast to last,
On milk and soda water breaks his fast;
Here older hands, with stronger stomachs blest,
With tea and brandy lull their nerves to rest.

Now, trampling at the door, the hack appears ;
Impatient of delay, he kicks and rears ;
Away ! away ! once mounted, on they ride,
And soon are panting at the covert side.

Hark to that cheering note ! they've found him—see
The gorse is waving like a troubled sea ;
He's gone away, hark, halloo ! to the cry !
Like swallows skimming o'er the fields, they fly.
"Give them a moment's time—hold hard, sir, pray ;
You'll stop his pulling ere we've done to-day."
Look at the gallant pack, away they sweep !
The pace is killing, and the country deep.
Rolleston is far behind, and on our right
The house at Nosely just appears in sight ;
By Glooston-wood, o'er Cranoe-field they pass,
Where many a horse declining missed the grass.

On, on they go, and at a trimming pace ;
See, Baird is racing for a foremost place ;
Yet much I do mistrust me, if his steed
Can hold that pace, and always go full speed.
White spurts and cranes, now skirting looks for balks,
And gallops faster than our Rokeby talks.
See Chesterfield advance with steady hand,
"Swish at a rasper," and in safety land ;
Who sits his horse so well ? or at a race,
Drives four-in-hand with greater skill or grace ?
And when hounds really run, like him can show
How fifteen stone should o'er the country go.
If not in person monstrous, yet in weight,
Campbell comes crashing through a new-made gate ;
Now, "by his fathers' gods" you hear him swear,
And much you wonder who those fathers were.

Now Plymouth, at a brook, with Gilmore crams,
While Drummond jobs his horse, and, jobbing, damns ;
With iron hand, and seat devoid of grace,
You see at once the counter is his place ;
Now on this side, and now on that he pitches,
Strikes all his timber, fathoms all his ditches,
Till, by a binder caught, a weight of lead,
He comes at last to anchor on his head.
Quite at his ease, yet stealing o'er the grass,
From out the struggling crowd see Wilton pass.
Here Goodricke, perfect in his hand and seat,
Rides like a sportsman who can do the feat ;
And Stanley, who in courage may not yield
To him of yore, who fought on Flodden Field,
Forgets his weight, and labours all he can
To show "Perfection" both in horse and man.
Carried beyond excitement's wildest bounds,
His horse forgetting, seeing but the hounds,
Kinnaird, that dear enthusiast of the chase,
Heeds not how deep the ground, nor slacks his pace ;
Will nothing turn or stop him? nothing check
That form of riding, but a broken neck?

Here Lowther follows slowly on the track,
And pines in secret for his "tailing pack."
(We speak of years gone by)—for now we're told
Their style of hunting is not always cold
And that they draw till one : We therefore pray
"That they, like other dogs, may have their day ;"
Since Lambert's judgment has reformed the pack,
Improved their breeding, and dispensed with Slack,
All head and legs no longer now they look,
But stoop to pick a leaf from Goosey's book.
The gallant Colonel, pottering at the gaps,
First damns, then envies "those hard-riding chaps."

Gardner, who then for raspers ne'er would swerve,
And thought all riding to consist in nerve
And swimming rivers—owned the pace was good,
But still would have it faster if he could.
See Haycock flies along; and few there be,
Where all ride hard, can harder ride than he.
With spurs and hand-whip Matuzevic plies—
O'er ridge and furrow swiftly Zodiac flies;
But though his steed be made of gallant stuff,
"Tamnation, Zodiac, you will get enough!"
Lyne Stephens onward holds a steady course,
And Grantham gallops faster than his horse.
Green, leaning slightly forward, passes by,
But quickly turning shows how good his eye.
Pinned in his shoulders, see old Johnny Moore;
A gate half open, Rokeby slips before,
Forgets his manners in his love of place,
And slams the swinging gate in Johnny's face,
Then, spurring onward with a graceful seat,
Unlike Camilla, gallops through the wheat.

Now some, alas! before their horses fail;
Flight after flight succeeds of post and rail.
Then Langton Hill appears—the crowd decline,
And keep their riding till they've had their wine.
Now Brudenell leads, and well does Langar show
The rattling pace that strength with blood can go.
Wilton and Gardner next their station took,
And Derry, following close on Billy Coke.

Sloping to meet them, stood exposed to view,
An awkward piece of timber, stiff and new;
No other place will do but this alone,
No choice is left—go at it, or go home.
Langar leaps short, and see, on high his tail,

Turned in the air, proclaims how strong the rail.
Over they go, together rise again,
For Brudenell tight in hand retains the rein.
Here Leporello fell—a harder fate
Attends *his* falling: where he fell he sate.
Now Billy Coke, who never lost a chance,
Down the hill's side came rattling on Advance,
And though he saw the willows, still he took
His line, and crammed him straight at Langton-brook;
But vain the effort, gazing on the flood,
Narcissus-like, upon the bank he stood,
Then struggling headlong fell; and see, he's done!
He washed his master, but he lost the run.
More on the left, see Wilton kiss the plain;
Then "Time" to Pugilist was called in vain.
Without a pause, by Bowden now they fly,
The pace so good you scarcely hear the cry;
With speed unchecked, see bravely o'er yon hill,
Brudenell alone maintains his station still.
Here's Dingley-gorse; "By Jove, they run in view!"
On Reynard struggles, on the pack pursue;
The earths are open, will he reach the cover?
Who-hoop! he sinks exhausted; all is over.

How are the mighty fallen! lulled to rest
By fifty minutes of Southampton's best;
Some deep in ditches lie, 'midst brambles toss'd;
Others, more prudent, are "by Farmers crossed;"
These lost their start, from those the hounds had turned,
Yet something still from Brudenell all have learned;
And now, for once, a Melton field must own,
Fairly and cleanly, they were all "cut down."

The backward crowd are still the first to chide,
For all can censure where but few can ride.

Let those blame others who themselves excel,
And pass their judgment, who have ridden well.
Each timid skirter thinks it is his right
To hurt your feelings and display his spite.
If blest with iron nerves, "you ride for fame,
And seek in hunting nothing but a name;"
If tender of your person in the chase,
"You love the hounds, but still refuse to race."
"Look at him now!" on all sides it is said.
"I always knew it, damn him, he's afraid!"
These blame the system, master, hounds, and all,
And swear the huntsman does not like a fall;
Not prone to cavil, or to take offence,
Some in good nature pardon want of sense,
And think a smiling and unmeaning face
Can Ewart stop, or Willis, when they race.
On t'other tack some err, and make their boast,
Hounds run the hardest when they're damned the most.
Who to Southampton could in judgment yield?
With a light hand he ruled a stubborn field;
Now firm, now gentle, as occasion proved,
And on all sides alike, both feared and loved.
Come then again! resume thy proper place!
Manage the kennel, and direct the chase;
An equal balance keep, the skirters chide,
And check "Spring Captains" when they try to ride.
For want of practice all our talent's lost;
Hounds never run, but still the same they cost.
What shall we do without thee? for I hear
The country's vacant in another year.
Old times, old sport bring back! and once again
Melton shall flourish 'neath thy golden reign.

A MEETING DURING THE LATE FROST.

SENEX.

Well, now then, tell me what's the news—
I see you're like the rest:
The hunting-men are all in town,
Unhappy and depressed;
The "Rag" is full of idle men,
Who lounge about and sigh;
If it wasn't for the Mordaunt case
I swear I think they'd die.
It's not a cheering thing, I grant,
To contemplate the cost
Of a lot of nags at Melton
Standing idle in the frost.
But hang it, man, you can't help that;
'Tis but the luck of war;
The same thing happen'd lots of times
To all of us before.
You youngsters "curl up" now-a-days
At a trifle, I declare—
When I was young a six weeks' frost
Came nearly every year.
But tell me what you've done of late—
My hunting days are o'er;
But memory often takes me
To the hunting grounds of yore.
And how I loved them, too!
E'en now I never tire
Of thinking of those jolly days,
Sir Richard and the Squire.

JUVENIS.

No, no, it's not the frost alone
That's put me in the blues—
That's bad enough, 'tis true—but say,
You've surely heard the news?
You'll cease to wonder all the Hunt
Are looking so forlorn,
When I tell you Chaworth Musters
Is giving up the Quorn.
In one more month the season's o'er;
In one more month we lose
The best of all the line who've stood in
Hugo Meynell's shoes.
I've heard you talk of mighty giants
Of *your* day in the shire,
But, believe me, all their quality
Lives in the present Squire.
By Jove, 'twould do you good to see—
To know his cheery face;
Ay, see him ride, though sixteen stone,
Let hounds go any pace.
However stiff the country be,
However fast they fly,
Look when you can, or when you like,
The Master's always nigh.
With four or five stone vantage,
Yet there's not a man can say,
If he's seen more in a burst
He's seen more in a day.
On the grass to watch his darlings
Sweep like swallows on the wing;
Or, horn in hand, with thrilling cheer,
To make the forest ring.
But ne'er again shall Valesman
Bear him gaily to the fore!

The grand dog-pack in Leicester's woods
Shall hear his horn no more!
No more the "voice of Solitude"
Shall make our hearts rebound,
As we settle quietly for a start,
And bless the well-known sound.
"Every dog," they say, "'s its day,"
But thine was *ev'ry* day, old hound:
The first to find the fox—
The truest on the line when found.
No more his joyful ta' ally ho
Shall make the beauties fling
Their spotted forms mad bristling
Upon the prey to spring.
No more so gracefully and quiet,
And yet withall so straight,
Will his lady figure in the van—
Well worthy such a mate!
No more with voice and stirring note,
And quick as lightning's flash,
Shall Gillard show how sport is earned
By science, pluck, and dash.
No more from Trussels, thorns, or gorse,
All clamorous at the brush;
No more from Holt or Coplow
Shall his cherished fav'rites rush—
Such a master, such a huntsman,
And a pack so quick and keen;
Such a prince of real good fellows
The Quorn have never seen.
And Tattersall, in devilish joy,
Aloud proclaims his prey;
In every paper blazing forth
A sale on "such a day."

NIPHON.

"Land and Water," March 5th, 1870.

THE GREATWOOD RUN WITH THE BADMINTON,

February 22nd, 1871.

Come, pull off your boots, 'tis no time for a nap;
Let us measure the run on the Ordnance Map;
Much fun have we seen since the frost, but this last day
Proves the joke that Ash Wednesday's a regular "fast day."
Our meet Swallett Gate, and at Greatwood the draw,
For the stoutest of foxes the vale ever saw.
In the corner we viewed him—he's gone in a minute!
Here's a chance for the riders who mean to be in it.
And Heber, remember you make our hearts glad
When you whistle and we can come to you, my lad.
Headed back near the brook, thro' Greatwood once more,
He returns to the cover that's called "Reservoir;"
Just touching on Faston, he crosses the rail;
Right over to Drinkworth he threads thro' the vale:
The brook, as you'll see, was full up to the brim—
Cis Howard got across without losing a limb;
While Candy commenced a succession of plunges,
That rendered himself and his pal like two sponges.
But brooks are like casks ('tis no figure of speech),
They are full when a bung is inserted in each.
Now, those who lost start had both struggled and spurred,
When a check, after fifty-five minutes, occurred;
And some of the horsemen dispers'd o'er the plain,
Took leave of us here, and ne'er saw us again;
But Lord Worcester, our huntsman, soon hit off the scent,
And onward to Somerford Common we went.

Hard by, the Duke addressing,
Ruck, the stout yeoman, stands:
His hair was white;
His farm rode light;
Well cultured were his lands:
And, with a voice prophetic,
Thus to the master spake:
"The fox I viewed
This side the wood,
My oath I'll hereby take;
He's earned a name,
He's just the same—
(Mark well the words I speak)
Throckmorton's hounds
To Blunsdon's grounds
Hunted last Thursday week;
And when you stand
With fox in hand,
If such shall be your luck,
Then thank the powers
That made him yours,
And think on Edmund Ruck."

He ceased. Red Lodge was past, and then the pack
By Gospel-oak pursued the onward track.
In front, old Sentinel and Sexton show'd;
Close to the bridge they cross'd the Minety road;
While, strangers to the country, on we pass,
Straight to the glories of the Tadpole grass.
But time had told its tale in dim despair—
The swells perceived no change of horse was there:
Said one, "the law, which man from wife divorces,
Should never part us from our second horses."
Alas! no lagging groom can now avail
To succour Jonas in the Tadpole wale.

'Twas here that eating luncheon,
And stern as hardy Norseman,
A heavy weight
Sat on a gate
And cursed his second horseman.
To him another sportsman spake,
Of civic mien and figure,
(I hardly know which of the two
In scales would prove the bigger)—
"Oh, Colonel, I am not the man
A run is wont to frighten,
But to my face
Declared his Grace,
'This fox is going to Brighton!'
If this be true
'Tis time that you
Were off like flash from pistol;
'Tis time that I
Should homeward fly—
Which is the way to Bristol?"

But onwards still, and onwards
This wondrous hunt proceeds:
Upon the right lay Burton Stoke,
We cross the Whitehall meads,
And leaving Cricklade on his left,
Seven bridges on his right,
Straight to the Thames he crossed the road—
No bridge, no ford in sight.
And first and foremost, Worcester,
The hero of the day,
Plung'd in the depths on Beckford,
The old flea-bitten grey;
And after many a struggle
They reached the farther side,

The hounds were far before them—
They must for dear life ride;
And on to the canal bank,
And back across the river,
It looked as though this Greatwood run
Were going to last for ever.
On the right lay Castle Eaton,
And Kempsford on the left:
The nags stood still—
Brave Beckford's beat,
Of all but life bereft.
Some viewed the run from villages,
Or steeple's friendly roof;
Some left their steeds in farming stalls,
And tried to "pad the hoof."
So on they speed past Hannington;
So on past Crouch's Wood;
One brook alone remained to jump—
There was but one who could.
And when this gallant fox appear'd—
E'en now among the slain—
On the Swinton side of Highworth
He crept into a drain.

Three hours and thirty minutes
Those hounds and nags did go;
For them 'twas eight and twenty miles,
And fifteen for the crow.
So Hamblin, kennel huntsman,
Shares the honours of the day;
For of all the Badminton dog pack
There were but two away.

Oh, for Whyte Melville's pen, that I might tell
The varied fortunes that our field befel;
For tho' the finish he presumes to treat on,
Your bard's last resting place was Castle Eaton,
Where both for horse and man he found good quarters—
Thanks to the parson and his charming daughters.
Of those who saw the end I fain would fix on:
Three gallant Colonels, Ewart, Bourke, and Dixon:
The huntsman, Heber, on his home-bred grey;
Luce, Chaplin, Barker, and, to end my lay,
(Ye daring thrusters, tell it not in Gath)
Attired in pink, a veteran from Bath;
After such feats as this I never can
Pitty the sorrows of a poor old man.
But first among the foremost in the race,
Jenkins, on Giffard, merited a place:
Well known on various courses is his fame;
Well known as "Mr. Merton" is his name;
While Grace, on Cooley's mount, appeared to be
A brother worthy of great W.G.;
And undeniable, to please my fancy,
Are Charlie Dill, Jack Savile, and Joe Dansey;
For all can testify to Candy's pluck,
But can we estimate Byng's wondrous luck,
Who saw the run for some three hours or more,
And never hunted in this isle before?

My task is done. One moral from the tale
Of beaten chargers toiling o'er the vale
I fain would draw. Experience endorses
The dogma, that good hounds will beat good horses;
Strangers from Quorn or Pytchley, if you doubt,
Bring down your gee gees, and let's see them out;

Let's see them out on such like day, and you
Will all admit my theory is true;
For time, and points, and country, all attest
The finest run recorded in the west.

DANNY MAN.

HUNTING SONG.

Here's health to every sportsman,
Be he stableman or Lord;
If his heart be true, I care not
What his pocket can afford;
And may he ever cheerily
Each noble sport pursue,
If he takes his liquor fairly,
And his fences fairly too.

What care we for the bubbles
On fortune's fickle tide;
Who like Bendigo can battle,
And like Oliver can ride.
We laugh at those who caution,
At those who chide we frown,
As we clear a five-foot paling,
Or we knock a "peeler" down.

A captious world may blame us, boys,
But what care we the while,
Whilst coral lips can cheer us,
And bright eyes on us smile?
For beauty's fond caresses
Can tenderly repay
The weariness and trouble
Of many an anxious day.

Now fill your glass, and drain it, too,
With all your heart and soul—
To England's sports, the fox-hunt,
The fair ones, and the bowl;
To a stout heart in adversity,
Through every ill to steer,
And when fortune frowns, a score of friends
Like those around here.

HOW TO SEND HIM ALONG.

Oh tell me, old Robert—you can if you will—
How to go to the fore, the crack riders among?
I can sit on my nag, and don't care for a spill,
But I do wish to know how to send him along.

Very well, Master Harry, I'll tell you with glee,
For I'm right glad to find to th' old stock you belong,
And if you will only just listen to me,
You'll ne'er be the last as you send him along.

Be sure you are in time at the cover's dark side;
Throw away your cigar; leave the jest and the song;
Get down and be quiet in some likely ride;
Sit still and be ready as you send him along.

Watch closely the hounds as they carefully draw;
More closely the true one that first throws his tongue;
Then list to the halloo—away! gone away!
And down like a lightning flash send him along.

He's away! he's away! and you're well away, too;
You've got a good start, and there's nothing gone wrong;
The hounds just before you; the fox is in view;
Rise up in your stirrups and send him along.

A few fences well over, you're in the first flight;
Never heed those that follow ding-dong and ding-dong;
Never look to the left; never look to the right;
But keep your eyes forward and send him along.

The fields they are large, and the brooks they are wide,
And the timber it looks most infernally strong;
But the low racing nag will take all his stride;
Sit down in your saddle and send him along.

Near an hour they've been at him—the pace it must tell;
The tails they are shaking like tails in Hong Kong.
Now give heed to your head, and to your hand too, as well,
As you sit close and nurse him, still send him along.

The fox is fast sinking; they're close at his brush—
Who-whoop! they have got him! one smack of your thong;
Give your whoop too, and halloo; you're in with a rush;
And thank Robert, who taught you to send him along.

WINSLOW.

'Twas morning—on the dewy lawn,
Assembled at the peep of dawn,
The gallant pack to covert sprang;
The woods with thrilling echoes rang;
The hunter gaily tossed his mane;
Each ardent rider curbed his rein.
The fox, amid the forest, here
Lay dreaming in his lair,
But soon, as o'er the mead he flew,
Awaken'd to the view-halloo:

Now dazzling was the bright array
Of scarlet, olive, black and grey;
Mark, o'er each silvery spur and bit,
The twinkling sunbeam dance and flit.
Old Guardsman (1) calmnly snuffed the air;
Eclipse, (2) for rasping work bade fair,
And Rhadamanthus' (3) eagle eye
Responded to the huntsman's cry.
The day was young, the air was clear,
The horn's shrill echoes charmed the air;
At every blast the hounds awake,
Burst through the dew-bespangled brake;
In scattered groups their course they ply,
O'er fern and bramble merrily;
Again they sweep the thorny hedge,
Or brush through tangled briar and sedge,
While silently the hunters ride
Expectant at the cover side.
From out yon greenwood thicket near
The foremost of the pack appear;
Old Mayfly leads them—view-halloo!
Hark! Cowslip winds him well in view.
Away o'er brake and sward they fly,
The gorse resounding to the cry;
Now stretching fast o'er swamp and mead,
Our Lady boldly takes the lead;
And oft Jim Mason's nerve was tried,
O'er many a rasper, side by side.
The scent was good, and brisk the run;
Our gallant Lady still held on.
A bruising line the varmint chose
To baffle or delay his foes;

1. Mr. Poole. 2. Mr. Mason. 3. Mrs. Villiers.

He heard, borne down upon the wind,
Their savage music close behind;
But of the crowd who followed, few
Dashed on with such a course in view:
At length a voice was heard to say,
Stand back and give the field fair play;
Who dares yon treacherous brook to ride—
Our gallant Lady's steed to guide?
With eye well skilled and look intent,
Brave Mason o'er his courser bent—
'Tis past, and o'er the distant green
Jim Mason's spurring form is seen;
Follow who may, but ere the crowd
Had ceased from plaudit long and loud,
Like arrow darting on the wind,
Our Lady left the brook behind.
Then let each festive hall resound
With hunting deeds of fame,
And shape each syllable and sound
Into our Lady's name;
Give three times three for Lilly Lowndes,
And pledge the dashing few
Who never yet forsook the hounds,
To whom all praise is due.

HUNTING SONG.

We have seen a run together;
  We have ridden side by side;
It binds us to each other
  Like a lover to his bride.

We have seen a run together,
When the hounds run far and fast ;
We have hearkened by each other
To the huntsman's cheering blast.
How gay they bustled round him ;
How gallantly they found him ;
And how stealthily they wound him
O'er each brake and woody dell.
'Twas from Keitwick Broom we view'd him
As he stole along the vale ;
Though we cheerily halloo'd him,
'Twas to him a deadly wail.
By Lintrose we did pursue him,
Despite each fence and rill,
Till his heart began to rue him
On Haliburton Hill.
Oh, how they sped together
O'er the moor among the heather,
Like birds of the same feather,
And their music like a bell.
By Auckter house we hied him,
Still hunted by their cry,
Till in Belmont Park we spied him,
And we knew that he must die.
Through the hedge he made a double,
As his sinking soul did droop ;
'Twas the ending of his trouble
When we gave the shrill who-whoop !
Oh now then let us rally ;
Let us toast the joyous tally
In a bumper to our ally,
The gallant John Dalzell.

TOM MOODY.

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well—
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell:
A more able sportsman ne'er followed a hound,
In a country well known to him fifty miles round.
No hound ever challenged so deep in the wood,
But Tom knew the sound and could tell if 'twas good;
And all with attention would eagerly mark
When he cheer'd up the pack with, "hark, Rattler boy,
hark!"
Hie cross him and wind him, now "Rattler boy, hark!"

Six worthy earth stoppers, in hunter-green dressed,
Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest;
His horse, whom he styled "his old soul," next appeared,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was reared.
Whip, cap, boots and spurs, in trophy were bound,
And here and there followed an old straggling hound;
Ah! no more at his halloa ye vales will they brace,
Or the Wrekin resound his first scream in the chase
With, hie over, now press him, tally-ho! tally-ho!

Tom thus spoke to his friends ere he gave up his breath—
"Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow, 'tis the last I shall crave,
Give a rattling 'view-holloa' thrice over my grave:
And unless at that warning I raise up my head,
My lads, you may fairly conclude I am dead."
Honest Tom was obeyed, and the shout rent the sky,
For ev'ry voice joined in th' enlivening cry
With tally-ho, forward! tally-ho! tally-ho!

THE COAL-BLACK STEED.

Whoever is fond of a hunting lay
Has heard of the neck or nothing grey;
The "horse of all horses" that carried the Squire.
Which the hardest day could never tire.
Now, I have a nag that a king from his throne
Might jump with rapture to call his own—
For beautiful shape, for courage and speed,
I challenge the world with my coal-black steed.

The blood of Eclipse runs free in his sire;
His dam's descended from old High Flyer;
And none who know her would ever dare,
Attempt to throw a stain on the mare.
But it can be proved, some years ago,
That a little was tinged the crimson flow;
Yet ne'er do I wish for a better breed
Than this of my famous coal-black steed.

He's just as high as a horse should be,
Not missing an ace of fifteen three;
But his chest's so deep, and his back so wide,
He seems a devilish big one to ride;
For in spite of all the succeeding dips
He retains the withers of old Eclipse:
To judge by what we in history read,
He'd just the back of my coal-black steed.

His head! what a beautiful head he's got!
And his tail's put on in the proper spot;
While four such legs, for muscle and bone,
You may travel a week and not be shown.

His mouth's so good; he's so easy to ride,
A child may safely be trusted to guide;
For, when put out to his utmost speed,
A thread would pull up my coal-black steed.

Talk of water jumpers—I've ridden him o'er
A place that never was crossed before;
And when on the stream there's an overflow,
The edge of the river he seems, to know.
At timber he measures his leaps so true,
That gate or stile he tips with his shoe.
As a standing leaper or taking at speed,
I ne'er rode horse like my coal-black steed.

One day last spring we'd a ten miles burst,
And up to the hounds he carried me first.
At starting we mustered a hundred or more;
When reynard was killed there were only four;
And just at the finish I beat them all
By showing him over a five feet wall.
Some call'd him a devil, but all agreed
They'd never seen nag like my coal-black steed.

A gentleman who, the week before,
Had offer'd three hundred, now bid me four;
But to all his tempting my ears were shut
When he asked me only the price to put;
For nothing on earth shall make me sell
A favourite nag that carries me well.
No! perish the thought of such a deed
As parting with thee, my coal-black steed!

When nature fails (and one day she will),
My gallant old horse, I'll keep thee still;
In summer thy food and shelter shall be
The verdant mead and the leafy tree;

In winter a roomy shed, with law
To run in a yard well filled with straw;
And every night and morn a feed
Of corn will I give to my coal-black steed.

Until the fire of that eye is gone,
And death hath claimed thee for his own,
Thus shalt thou live from slavery free,
In return for the sport you have shown to me.
Nor butchering knife, nor fang of hound,
Shall on thy body inflict a wound;
Nor ravenous bird or beast e'er feed
On the cold remains of my coal-black steed;

But deep in the earth I'll see thee laid
Beneath the spot where thou oft hast strayed;
Thy favourite shady tree shall wave
Its spreading branches above the grave:
And that thy deeds may in memory dwell,
An epitaph over the place shall tell,
To every one who chooses to read,
The wondrous feats of my coal-black steed.

A RUM'UN TO FOLLOW—A BAD'UN TO BEAT.

Come, I'll give ye the health of a man we all know,
Of a man we all swear by—a friend of our own:
With the hounds running hardest he's safest to go,
And he's always in front and he's often alone—
A rider unequalled, a sportsman complete;
A rum'un to follow—a bad'un to beat.

As he sits in the saddle a baby could tell
He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare;
He has science and nerve, and decision as well;
He knows where he's going, and he means to be there.
The first day I saw him, they said at the meet,
He's a rum'un to follow—a bad'un to beat.

We threw off the Castle, we found in the Holt;
Like wildfire the beauties went streaming away!
From the rest of the field he came out like a bolt,
And he tackled to work like a school boy to play,
As he crammed o'er his hat, and got down his seat:
'Tis a rum'un to follow—'tis a bad'un to beat.

'Twas a caution I vow—but to see the man ride!
O'er the rough and the smooth he went sailing along;
And what providence sent him he took in his stride,
Though the ditches were deep and the fences were strong;
And I thought, if he leaps me, I'm in for a treat,
With this rum'un to follow, this bad'un to beat.

Ere we'd run for a mile there was room in the front—
Such a scatter and squander I never did see;
And I honestly own I'd been out of the hunt,
But the broad of his back was the beacon for me.
So I kept him in sight, and was proud of the feat,
This rum'un to follow, this bad'un to beat.

Till we came to a rasper, as black as your hat—
You could not see over, you could not see through;
So he made for the gate, knowing what he was at,
And the chain being round it, why over he flew!
While I swore a round oath, that I needn't repeat,
At this rum'un to follow, this bad'un to beat.

For a place I liked better I hastened to seek;
But the place I liked better I sought for in vain;
And I freely confess—if the truth I must speak—
That I never set eyes on my leader again.
But I thought I'd give something to have the recipe
Of this rum'un to follow, this bad'un to beat.

They told me that night he went best through the run;
They said that he "hung up" a dozen "to dry"—
When the brook in the hollow stopped most of their fun;
But I know that I never went near it, not I!
For I found it a fruitless attempt to compete
With this rum'un to follow, this bad'un to beat.

So we'll fill him a bumper as deep as you please,
And we'll give him a cheer, for, deny it who can,
When the run is severest he's most at his ease;
When the country is roughest he rides like a man;
And the pace cannot stop, or the fences defeat,
This rum'un to follow, this bad'un to beat.

WHYTE-MELVILLE.

CHARLES DAVIS.

I'll sing you a sporting song,
Made by a sporting pate,
Of a fine old English huntsman,
Who has not a large estate,
But who keeps a royal kennel
In a manner quite first-rate,
And wins the good opinion of all sportsmen,
Small and great,
Does this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

This fine old man is fully known
Along the banks of Thame,
Where, as gallant huntsman,
He has earned a lasting fame.
His urbane conduct in the field
Must approbation claim;
He's one of nature's gentlemen,
Charles Davis is the name,
Of this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

'Tis now full fifty years ago
Since he assumed the post
Of huntsman to the Royal Hounds,
Where he was needed most;
And though nigh single-handed, yet he proved
Himself a host
In making them what they are now,
In truth a country's boast,
Did this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

These buckhounds so magnificent
He from the best strains bred:
Improving their condition, them with equal
Care he fed.
Ye gods, it is a picture to see Davis
at their head!
As they joy onward to the meet,
So gallantly they're led
By this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

But when the deer's uncarted,
And the hounds begin the chase,
Charles Davis, riding up to tail,
Maintains the foremost place:
No bullfinch ditch or rasper does he hesitate
To face;
He takes the lead and keeps it, too,
For none can beat the pace
Of this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

Well may he point to his old deeds
With truly honest pride,
For North and South, from Aylesbury Vale
To Hampshire's forest side,
And East and West, from Harrow's spire
To Oxford's classic tide,
The good report rings loudly,
And stretches far and wide,
Of this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

And when the solemn warning
Of the mournful passing bell
Proclaims that he has bidden us
His final last farewell,
He'll need no sculptured monument
His worthiness to tell;
His name will live—oh, may we all
Acquit ourselves as well
As this fine old English huntsman,
One of a sporting time.

THE BERKSHIRE.

Just chancing this morning through Brightwell to stray,
I suddenly heard tally-ho! gone away!
When quick, in a body, the Berkshire flew by,
Their fox just away, and forwards they cry.
Two hundred of horsemen in the scene take a part,
All cramming and nicking to get a good start.

See! who have we here on that fiery steed,
Who o'er hedge and brook seems determined to lead?
'Tis "Dare-devil George," who thus heads the throng;
"Old Billy," as usual, well larking along:
That style not a moment while running he'll slack,
Then go across country the nearest way back;
And this happy task—*proh pudor*, I speak—
His master performs about three days a week.

Next, close to his side, at a rare lasting pace,
Comes the Squire of Culham, ever in a good place:
As a horseman he's good, once hunted the pack,
But wisely resigned, not having the knack.
Still on him keep an eye, he'll make a good guide;
He knows what they're doing, and the right time to ride.

Here's good-natured Billy, smiling cheerfully round,
Who doats on the fox and delights in the hound;
Whose very existence on hunting depends—
The horse and the hound his chief pleasure and friends;
And who'd live in the chase, with lasting delight,
From the break of the morn till the coming of night.

With breeches and boots as neat as can be,
The swell of the hunt, dark Oliver see;
Who, like many swells, will frequently show
To tigers and ruffians the way they should go.

On his gray comes the Major, so flash and so prim;
A regular clipper, one who always keeps time.
Though a hunter he rides, she still has to feel
The press of the collar, and hear the coach wheel:
For his acme of pleasure's to be on the road
With four sparkling tits and a good heavy load.

Hie! stop, Coachman, stop, sir! what are you about?
I can't, sir; I'm late, and full in and out.

Squire Hammersley next, in a very fair station—
A mighty great man in his own estimation;
Too fond of the "long tails," yet, give him his due,
When hounds go the pace, pretty near them is Hugh.

The Manager now in our eye let us scan,
Who seems of 'em all to have found out the plan:
First this one and that one as Manager came—
The first was a bad one, the next was the same—
The horses, the hounds, and the story were lame;
And Morland alone to give has the forte,
Both great satisfaction and plenty of sport.
And where is Jack? aye, search the world o'er,
The Master of hounds, who could wish to do more?

With elbows well squared, and without any noise,
But quiet and cool comes the Lord of Camois,
Who just for a day has deserted Sir John
To see how the Berkshire affairs are going on.

Behind him, his voice rising higher and higher,
And all in a bustle, comes Brightwell's great Squire;
By gad, Sir, what hounds! they can do the trick;
I wish those cursed tories like this we could lick!
Master Morland must put us now in the front rank,
For Brightwell ne'er yet knew the meaning of blank.

His chesnut, nigh gruelled in keeping his place,
But still shov'd along at a cruel great pace;
In clerical boots Parson Beauchamp we see,
To-day with old Buggy perhaps making too free.

Now, Billy, the brewer, comes craning along,
Whose nerves, like his beer, are not very strong;
But if there's a race, a hunt-meeting, or fair,
Sure by some means or other the brewer is there.

With hat doubled in—a sure sign of a fall—
Comes sweet Mr. Veret, the last of them all;
Halloa! what's the matter? what makes you behind?
My horse made a blunder, I fear he's going blind;
Then regarding as nought the mishap of the day,
So cheerful and chatty he canters away.

These I managed to pick from the rear and the front,
As local attendants, or men of the hunt;
But with them there came, in numbers so few,
From Oxford renowned, a most odd-looking crew.
A Peer and a Dealer here charge side by side,
To set one another, determined to ride.
Now a Proctor gets spilt, and over him rolls
A Freshman, too sure to be hauled o'er the coals.
So this, Sir, 's the way you think to get knowledge,
By breaking no less than the head of his college.

Rebuked thus he rises in pitiful plight,
Affording his friends most unbounded delight.
On a very hot young one a cadger here crams,
And here he in trouble most awfully d—mns.
A Parson in posse (quite shocking to hear),
At the brute which to-day he is trying to steer.

From Christ-Church come dandies all polish and shine,
On clippers from Quartermain coming it fine.
Now some Freshmen rush by in toggery new,
Which was cut in a style quite wondrous to view;
In short there were gownsmen, in numbers of course,
And mounted on every description of horse.
Some Dealers from Oxford with them rattle by,
Who steeds for young Nimrods are wont to supply.
Ned Wheeler 'mongst others appears in our view,
Just warming the blood of a bit of a screw.
Here funking along on a nag of high figure,
Lord Oxford behold, looking bigger and bigger;
Young Venables with him, most sadly abusing
His Jane, as a leg a hedge by refusing.
On a hunter comes Seckham, next Symonds and Co.,
With many more jibbers I really don't know;
And others from Oxford enjoying the fun;
Some here for business, some here for fun.

The hounds, long ere this, from Brightwell had fled,
And for Newham, like lightning, were streaming ahead.
The cracks had all well settled down to their work,
While some were already beginning to shirk;
When having no longer a sight of the pack,
I rattled along on my thorough-bred hack.

THE HOUNDS OF OLD RABY.

Whilst passing o'er Barnsdale, (1) I happen'd to spy
A fox stealing on, and the hounds in full cry:
They are Darlington's, (2) sure, for his voice I well know.
Crying forward! hark, forward! from Skelbrook (3) below.

With my Ballynamonaora
And the hounds of old Raby for me.

See, Binchester (4) leads them, whose speed seldom fails,
And now let us see who can tread on their tails;
For like pigeons in flight, the best hunter would blow,
Should his master attempt to ride over them now.

From Howell Wood (5) come they, to Stapleton (6) go—
What confusion I see in the valley below;
My friends in black collars (7) nearly beat out of sight,
And Badsworth's (8) old heroes in sorrowful plight.

---

1. Barnsdale, a district a short distance from Robin Hood's Well.
2. William Henry Vane, Earl of Darlington, afterwards first Marquis of Cleveland, died 1842.
3. Skelbrook, about seven miles from Doncaster, a handsome gentleman's residence.
4. Binchester, a leading hound in the pack.
5. Howell Wood is about ten miles westward from Doncaster.
6. Stapleton, in the parish of Darrington, is about five or six miles from Skelbrook.
7. The members of the hunt wore black velvet collars, with a gold fox thereon.
8. Badsworth Hall.—In 1673, Sir John Bright, Bart., lived there, and is supposed to have been built by him.

From Howell's famed cover the fox broke away,
Nor long in Park Springs would he venture to stay,
But o'er Hemsworth's (9) black heath still advancing along,
Down to Norwood (10) he flew, close pursued by the throng.

O'er Elmsall's (11) fair lawns now despairing he roves :
Fair Elmsall, the mansion of graces and loves,
Where beauty, in rapture, looks on with delight,
And grac'd with attractions, adds charms to the sight :

Whilst the view, "lovely Sarah," (12) and all the bright train,
Like nymphs of the wood adding charms to the plain—
With such beauty in sight, and such hounds in full cry,
Poor mortals forget they are fated to die.

O'er Upton's (13) wide fields thence determined he goes ;
Nor Skelbrook (14) thy Hollins could conquer his foes ;
Where, disdaining Burghwallis (15) and Owston's (16) fam'd brake,
Over Barnsdale's wide common he gallantly takes.

'Tis hard to describe all the frolic and fun
Which of course must ensue in this capital run ;
But I quote the old proverb, howe'er trite and lame,
That "the looker-on sees most by half of the game."

---

9. Hemsworth is seven miles from Barnsley, and six from Pontefract.
10. Norwood, in the neighbourhood of Elmsall.
11. Elmsall, seven miles south of Pontefract.
12. "Lovely Sarah," a lady visiting at that time at Elmsall Lodge.
13. Upton, in the neighbourhood of Elmsall.
14. Skelbrook.—See note 3.
15. Burghwallis, seven miles off Doncaster.
16. Owston.—The estate formerly belonged to the ancient family, Adams.

Then, first in the burst, see, dashing away,
Taking all in his stroke on Ralpho the grey;
With persuaders in flank comes Darlington's peer (17)
With his chin sticking out, and his cap on the ear.

Never minding a scramble, a scratch, or a fall,
Laying close in his quarters, see Scott, of Wood Hall; (18)
And mind how he cheers them with, "Hark to the cry!"
Whilst on him the peer keeps a pretty sharp eye.

And next him, on Morgan—all rattle and talk—
Cramming over the fences, comes wild Martin Hawke; (19)
But his neck he must break either sooner or late,
As he'd rather ride over than open the gate.

For good humour renown'd, see my friend, Harry Jadis, (20)
He rides Speculation, that nag that so mad is;
No wonder he's up, for you know 'tis an art
To ride well to hounds, and he studies his part.

There there's dashing Frank Boynton, (21) who rides thoroughbreds,
Their carcases nearly as small as their heads;
But he rides so d—d hard, that he makes my heart ache,
For fear his long legs should be left on a stake.

---

17. "Darlington's peer."—See note 2.
18. Scott-William Lister Fenton Scott, Esq., afterwards registrar of Teeds for the West Riding.
19. The Hon. Martin Blade Edward Hawke, the author of the song, died September 14th, 1839.
20. Henry Jadis, Esq., a south countryman, an occasional visitor at Elmsall Hall.
21. Of the East Riding; of the Baronet's family of Boynton, of Burton Agnes, near Bridlington.

George Tower (22) exclaims, "What a head the hounds carry!
What heart can be tame or be tempted to tarry?
And tho' very long at this pace I sha'n't thrive,
I will prove to them all that my Jack's still alive!"

Behold Harry Mellish, (23) as wild as the wind,
On Lancaster mounted, leaving numbers behind;
But lately returned from democrat France,
Where, forgetting to bet, he's been learning to dance.

Making desperate play o'er the fences and hills,
By grog well inspired, observe Robert Milnes; (24)
But quickly stockstill in the field he must stand,
For hard riding is useless without a good hand.

That eagle-eyed sportsman, Charles Brandling (25) behold,
Laying in a snug place which needs scarcely be told;
But, from riding so hard, my good Charley, beware,
For fear you should tire your thirty-pounds mare.

And close at his heels, see Bob Lascelles (26) advance,
Dressed as gay for the field as if leading a dance;
Resolved to ride hard, nor be counted the last,
Pretty sure of the speed of his favourite Outcast.

---

22. Colonel Tower, of..... near Richmond. Born 1777, died 1838.
23. The family of Mellish were at one time residents in Doncaster, and several are buried in that church.
24. Robert Pemberton Milnes, Esq., of Fryston Hall, near Ferrybridge.
25. Charles Brandling, Esq., of Gosforth House, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
26. Supposed to be Robert Lascelles, Esq., of Sowersby, who married Grace, daughter of Robert Hutton, Esq., of Haughton-le-Spring.

Always good-tempered when sober or mellow,
Jack Grimston (27) comes next, that comical fellow:
He gaily beholds the fleet pack with delight,
And hopes in good claret to drink them that night.

Then, mounted on Pancake, behold Hartley Len, (28)
For whose sake I must quote an old proverb again;
And as his tit's blown, perhaps the warning he'll take,
That "You can't first enjoy, and then have your cake."

Newby Lawson (29) comes next, a north-country spark,
And so keen of the sport that he crossed Skelbrook Park;
Whilst the people exclaimed, "You'll be stopped by the wall;"
"I can easy get over," he cries, "with a fall!"

With young Mr. Silvertop, (30) see Parson Harrison; (31)
The old adage says, "You should make no comparison;"
So I leave you to draw what conclusion you choose,
Only venturing to hint that they lost some foreshoes.

On Methodist perch'd, in a very good station,
Frank Barlow (32) observe, that firm prop of the nation;
But nothing could greater offend the good soul,
Than if to Coventry sent from the chase or the bowl.

---

27. Jack Grimston, from Neswick Hall.
28. Leonard Hartley, Esq., the owner and occupier of Middleton Lodge.
29. Newby Lawson, of Durham.
30. George Silvertop, Esq., of Minster Acres, Northumberland, Deputy-Lieutenant and Sheriff of that county in 1831.
31. Rev. —. Harrison, of Firby, North Riding.
32. Francis Barlow, of Middlethorpe, near York, a Master in Lunacy, and uncle of Lady Wensleydale.

Then those three little fellows, as light as a feather,
The Parkers (33) and Clowes, (34) come racing together:
And, riding behind them, see Oliver Dick (35)
On Slapdash, half blown, looking sharp for a nick.

Le Maitre's dead beat: is he not Squire Burton? (36)
In vain you keep spurring—you'll never reach Sturton:
With a stable like yours, I'm sure you're a dunce
For not bringing out sixteen hunters at once.

But how can I mention the elegant bow
Mr. Waterton (37) made over-head in a slough?
But as of hard riding he seems mighty fond,
I trust this mayn't prove now the "slough of despond!"

On Ebony mounted, behold my Lord Barnard, (38)
To live near the pack now obliged is to strain hard;
But mount little Barney on something that's quick,
I warrant, my lads, he would show you a trick.

Then smack at a yawner falls my friend, Billy Clough, (39)
He gets up, stares around him, faith, silly enough;
While Pilkington, (40) near him, cries, "prithee get bled!"
"Oh Lord! never mind, Sir, I fell on my head."

---

33. Charles Parker, of Browsholme, in this county.
34. Samuel Clowes, Esq., who lived at Warmsworth and Sprotbrough Hall. He died 22nd of July, 1811.
35. Richard Oliver Gascoigne, Esq., of Darlington Hall.
36. Burton, of Hotham Hall, in the Guards
37. Charles Waterton, Esq., of Walton Hall, three miles from Wakefield.
38. Henry Vane, Lord Bernard, now second Duke of Cleveland. Succeeded 1842.
39. Billy Clough—John Wm. Clough, Esq., of Oxton, near Tadcaster; afterwards of York.
40. Of Chevet Hall, probably near Wakefield.

Next Bland (41) and Tom Gascoigne (42) I spy in the van,
Riding hard as two devils at catch as catch can:
But racing along, to try which can get first,
Already I see both their horses are burst.

But where's that hard rider, my friend Col. Bell? (43)
At the first setting off from the cover he fell;
But I see the old Crop thro' the whole chase will carry
In respectable style the good-tempered Harry.

With very small feet, sticking fast in the mud,
Frank Hawksworth (44) behold on his neat bit of blood;
But pull up, my dear sir; say you've lost a fore-shoe,
Else bleeding, I fear, must be shortly for you.

Sitting snug in his saddle, observe little Treacher (45)
On Sweepstakes so neat, going bang at a stretcher;
And in case he should fall, I assure you 'tis true,
Mr. Alderson's (46) now with his lancet in view.

Oft the clodpoles amusing, and making them stare
By the crow of a cock or the squeak of a hare;
So famed as a mimic, for fun and grimace,
See Pollington's Lord (47) making on in the chase.

---

41. Thomas Davison Bland, Esq., of Kippax Park, near Castleford.
42. Son of the late Sir Thomas Gascoigne.
43. Harry Bell, brother to the late Matthew Bell, Esq., of Woolsington, Northumberland.
44. Francis Hawksworth, Esq., of Hickleton.
45. Probably George Treacher, Esq., 2nd Life Guards, only son of the Rev. Thos. Treacher, of Audley.
46. Mr. Alderson, of the Angel Inn, Ferrybridge.
47. Lord Pollington, the late Earl of Mexborough, of Methley Park. Died 1860.

Oh cease such exertion—it never can do,
For Hawksworth, (48) your mare and yourself's all Askew. (49)
Oh haste! administer warm ale and gin
From the "Robin Hood" (50) near, that most excellent inn.

To the Lees, (51) Harvey Hawke, (52) Frank Soth'ron, (53) and all,
See skirting away for Stapleton Hall; (54)
Whilst, far in the rear, behold Alverley Cooke (55)
Endeavouring to scramble o'er Hampole's (56) wide brook.

To keep their nags fresh for the end of the day
Sir Edward (57) and Lascelles (58) just canter away,
Not enjoying the pace our Raby hounds go,
But preferring the maxim of "certain and slow."

---

48. Richard Ayscough Hawksworth, Esq., of Barmbro' Grange.
49. Askew, a pun upon the name of Ascough.
50. Robin Hood's Well, where meet the three parishes of Kirkby, Smeaton, and Burghwallis.
51. William Lee, Esq., of Grove, near Pontefract.
52. Edward (3rd Lord) assumed the name of Harvey on his marriage with Frances Anne, daughter and sole heiress of Stanhope Harvey, Esq., of Womersley Park.
53. Frank Sotheron, R.N., afterwards Admiral, of Darrington, three miles from Pontefract, and Kirklington, Notts.
54. See Note 6.
55. Brian William Darwin Cooke, Esq., of Alverley, near Doncaster. Died 26th April, 1823.
56. Hampole, a village on the estate of Charles Sabine Augustus Thelluson, Esq., of Brodsworth.
57. Sir Edward Smith, afterwards Sir Edward Dodsworth, Bart., of Newland Park.
58. Henry Lascelles, second Earl of Harewood. Died Nov. 24, 1841.

At the brook Johnny Dalton (59) made a terrible slip,
Lost his horse in the water, and cried for his whip;
When his groom coming up, seeing master so cross,
Cried, "d——n your fine whip, sir; but where is my horse?"

Safe over the brook—but where's Captain Dancer? (60)
Oh! he's stopping to catch Sir Rowland Winn's (61) prancer.
But what is the use of that, my friend Winn?
If on foot you attempt it, you'll sure tumble in.

Mr. Burrell (62) was out on his dun, safe and slow—
A capital tit, for the pace he can go;
And I beg to assure you, nor mean it in fun,
'Tis far better to ride than be rode by a dun.

That all things must alter, our moralists say,
And it just prov'd the case on the Howell wood day:
And the stud-book affirms that a Childers (63) once flew;
But it was not the case, Len, exactly with you.

Far aloof to the left, and op'ning a gate,
There's a sportsman by system, who seldom rides straight.
But why, my good Godfrey, (64) thus far will you roam,
When a pack of fine beagles hunt close to your home?

---

59. J. Dalton, Esq., an officer in the 4th Dragoons, then lived at Ackworth, near Pontefract.
60. William Danser, Lieut.-Col. R.R.
61. Sir Rowland Winn, Bart., of Nostel Priory.
62. Leonard Burrell, Esq.
63. Leonard Walbanke Childers, Esq., of Doncaster.
64. The late Godfrey Wentworth, Esq., of Woolley Park.

To a neat little rider (who came from Doncaster),
Near Norwood occurr'd a most woful disaster;
By a terrible fall his bones were so shaken,
That he gave up all hopes of saving his Bacon. (65)

Oh! Hero of Melton, (66) I hoped now to see
You dashing along at the top of a tree;
For Elmsall's good Squire, (67) admiring the pace,
Forgets his Newmarket, and joins in the chase.

At the top of his speed, sadly beat and forlorn,
Behold Captain Hornton (68) is steering for Balne; (69)
For accustomed at sea both to shift and to tack,
He hopes by manœuv'ring to gain the fleet pack.

Tho', to quote these old proverbs I really am loth,
They say, "too many cooks will oft spoil the broth;"
Yet it somehow occurred, in this excellent run,
By George Cook (70) alone was a nag overdone.

On his chesnut nag mounted, and heaving in flank,
At a very great distance observe Bacon Frank; (71)
So true's the old maxim, we even now find
That "justice will always come limping behind."

---

65. Major Bacon resided at Carrhouse, Doncaster.
66. Lion or Hero of Melton.—Probably a crack rider from Melton Mowbray.
67. See note 11.
68. Joshua Sidney Hornton, Captain R.N., then residing at Woodlands, near Doncaster.
69. Balne, about three miles east of Womersley.
70. George Augustus Cooke, Esq., of Wheatley.
71. Bacon Frank, Esq., of Campsall Park. He was the nephew of the celebrated antiquarian, Richard Frank.

See Starkey (72) and Hopwood, (73) so full of their jokes,
From Bramham Moor (74) come to be quizzing the folks:
And when they return the whole chase they'll explain,
Tho' they saw little of it to crony Fox Lane. (75)

Lost, spavin'd, and wind-galled, but showing some blood,
For from Coxcomb's poor shoulders it streams in a flood,
Behold Squire Hodgson (76) how he fumes and he frets,
While his bay lies entangled in cursed sheep nets.

Sadly tempted to stray from the aid of a gate,
Poor Wilkinson's (77) fall I must doleful relate;
But I'm sure his poor horse he can't punish or scold,
For now, my dear sir, he is twenty years old.

Oh, Squire of Welton, (78) on your comical black,
I see you are nearly a mile from the pack.
Then what can I say there of jolly Trebeck? (79)
Why he'll ne'er see a hound till they come to a check.

See the Dringhouse's Squire, (80) with his friend,
Mr. Ellin, (81)
From York city come now his nag to be selling;
While his valuable servant rides hard, I declare—
No doubt he'll obtain a large price for his mare.

---

72. James Starkey, Esq., Fellfoot, Westmoreland.
73. Mr. Hopwood, of Hopwood, Lancashire.
74. Bramham Moor is about four miles from Tadcaster.
75. George Lane Fox, Esq., Bramham Park.
76. Ellis Leconby Hodgson, Esq., at that time occupying Stapleton Park.
77. Unknown.
78. Joseph Thompson, Esq., of Welton, afterwards Womersley.
79. Rev. Thomas Trebeck, Vicar of Wath.
80. —. Beal, Esq., of Dringhouses.
81. Mr. Ellin, of York, a gentleman farmer.

But who is that there makes his nag's shoulders bleed?
From Pomfret town come, he is Perfect (82) indeed:
Tho' really not anxious or eager to quiz,
I cannot help joking, Perfection like his.

"Oh! hasten, good blacksmith; oh! hasten from Smeaton,
To bleed my poor mare so convulsed," cried young Seaton (83).
But to make some amends for this loss of his fun,
A seton, you know, can command a fine run.

With Earnshaw, of Rolle, (84) behold Knottingley Clarke— (85)
Perhaps their blown nags may reach home in the dark;
But tho' both are tired, oh, do not despair,
The horse is so young, and so hot is the mare.

Now drifting to leeward, and far from each hound,
A large Sayle (86) behold, who is nearly aground;
And I'm fully convinced that 'tis surely his fate,
Tho' to Wentbridge he's bound, now for convoy to wait.

If his name I pass'd over I fear he would cavil—
I just wish to say that I saw Mr. Savile; (87)
And with very long coat on—a friend to his tailor—
With some more Wakefield heroes behold Mr. Naylor. (88)

---

82. John Perfect, Esq., banker, Pontefract.
83. —. Seaton, banker, Pontefract.
84. Mr. William Rawden Earnshaw, of Roal Hall.
85. Mr. Thomas Clarke, surgeon, and a sporting man.
86. Thomas Sayle, Esq., Wentbridge.
87. The Hon. Charles Savile, uncle to the Earl of Mexborough.
88. Dr. Naylor, Wakefield.

A large posse in the valley below,
Who serve very well for to make up a show:
But broad as the brook is it made many stop—
It's not ev'ry man's luck for to get on the top.

But I'm grieved to observe, in this excellent chase,
That a comical proverb is now in disgrace:
For fortune, they say, "makes the mare to go fast"—
Then Watt (89) is the reason her favourite is last?

I think I have read that a premium is granted
To whoever most freely and ably has planted:
What do those hounds deserve, then, that o'er heath and fen
So freely have planted both horses and men?

Now, all having pass'd, I'll to Ferrybridge (90) go;
Each event of the day at the club I shall know;
Where bright bumpers of claret enliven the night,
And chase far away hatred, envy, and spite.

Then forgive me, my friends, if you think me severe;
'Tis but meant as a joke, not intended to sneer:
Oh, think, should a line either vex or annoy,
The mighty indulgence we poets enjoy.

But I think I perceive you're all pleased with my lay,
Tho' I've led you, perhaps, something out of the way.
Come, I'll give you a toast in a bumper of wine—
"Here's success to this club and to sport so divine."

WRITTEN IN 1805 BY THE HON. MARTIN BLADEN EDWARD HAWKE.

89. Richard Watt, Esq., Bishop Burton.
90. The Badsworth Hunt Club was held at Ferrybridge. It is 15 miles from Doncaster.

THE RUFFORD HUNT.

On Dragon so famous, see Scarboro's peer, (1)
His visage expressive of anger and fear.
He stops at the leap to consider this lesson—
That of valour the far better part is discretion.
Oh, Dragon, consider how great is thy charge!
How great were the loss to the nation at large
If by any mischance in taking a leap
The peer should be killed—how Britannia would weep!
How would Wyndham, and Ramsden, and Featherstone cry,
And the tear trickle down from the Prince's (2) bright eye;
How filled would their hearts be of sorrow and dread
When they heard that their friend, Dicky Dismal, was dead.

Who is it that rides at that hedge there full slap?
'Tis Sherbrooke, (3) I see, by the cut of his cap.
"Sir Calidore" clears it, top, binding, and all,
And ne'er puts his rider in mind of a fall.
Next little Bob Lowe, (4) on his little brown mare,
Comes nicking across with all possible care;
On her he rides steady, but when he rode Stella
No man in the hunt could be his playfellow.
With boots so well polished, and leathers so clean,
See close in his rear the good-natured Dean; (5)
And though for the company's sake he comes out,
He'd rather be crimping a pike or a trout.

---

1. Richard, 6th Earl. Born 1757; died 1832. 2. George IV.
3. William Sherbrooke, Esq., of Oxton. Died 1831.
4. Rev. Robert Lowe, Rector of Bingham, cousin and heir of W. Sherbrooke, father of Henry Sherbrooke, of Oxton. Died 1845.
5. Rev. John Cleaver, Vicar of Edwinstowe.

With waistcoat unbuttoned and neckcloth untied,
Which some say is indolence, others say pride,
Sitting loose in his saddle and sucking his tongue,
Lord Newark, (6) on Barker, comes rolling along:
Though he's got a bad place, yet his nag *can* go fast,
And never, I'm sure, need be counted the last.
On his grey mare see Philip (7) approach—
He sits on her back as if driving a coach:
From the length of his whip, you may see from afar,
That he thinks he is touching them under the bar.
Setting spurs to his horse, and giving a holloa,
Charles Bentinck (8) comes forth on the swift-footed Rollo.
Ever ready to laugh and make others merry,
Little Davy comes next on his famous Bob Cherry.
He is pleased, I am sure, by his good-humoured grin,
And I hope the next ditch that he won't tumble in.

Let Billesdon Coplow hide its head,
And Pytchley men grow pale,
While here I sing the run we had
Within the Derby Vale.

'Twas February the Sixth, Eighteen Sixty Eight—
Long will Derbyshire sportsmen remember the date.
At Radbourn the hounds were appointed to meet,
Where the Poles have for years had their family seat.
In red coats or black full two hundred or more
Good sportsmen assembled before the hall door:
Yet of all those hard riders, it seems very clear,
Not ten at the end of the run did appear.

---

6. Charles Herbert, 2nd Earl Manvers. Died 1860.
7. Hon Philip Pierrepont. Died 1864.
8. Lord Charles Bentinck. Died 1826.

It was just twelve o'clock of this notable day,
When from Radbourn decoy he was hallooed away.
For the first forty minutes a ring they ran round,
And many a sportsman was seen on the ground.
Back through the decoy, our fox now changed his plan,
And straight up to Brailsford plantations he ran.

Here we checked, but Tom (1) quickly recovered the scent,
And on o'er the grass we to Kedleston went.
At that covert our fox took a very short look,
Then forward away he crossed over the brook.
Back over again just by way of a lark,
Like pigeons they flew over Kedleston Park.
Our number had dwindled to scarcely two score
When at Langley we viewed the sly villain once more;
Yet to prove the old proverb, that "pace alone kills,"
This stout fox set his head for the Derbyshire hills.
Mansell Park saw the stoppage of many a horse,
And scanty the number that passed Jarratt's gorse;
Till at Hulland Wood village just five we espy
Left alone with the hounds, going on in full cry.
To surmount Blackwell Hill vainly two of those try—
There a noble lord stopped, and Tom Leedham's horse
died.
This ascent overcome, Reynard found it was vain
To hope any longer the hills to regain.
Back he turned, straight down wind, and it now became
clear,
That his strength being exhausted, his end must be near.
So it proved; for at Biggin, being chased by a cur,
He crawled into a ditch, quite unable to stir.

1. Tom Leedham, Mr. Meynell Ingram's huntsman.

Then "Ringlet" came up, and alone stood at bay
Till the others joined in, and there ended the day.
As the clock proclaimed four the fox gave up his breath,
And the "who-whoop" for miles around told of his death.
Over full thirty-two miles of ground had we been,
And from Radbourn decoy, as the crow flies, fourteen.
Your pardon I ask, being unable to tell,
Who went best in a run where so many went well;
But the name of one lady with pleasure I write—
"Miss Meynell," who went throughout in the first flight.
All sportsmen I hope, too, for many a year
The name of Tom Leedham will greet with a cheer;
His well-earned silver horn may he long live to wield,
And, as on that day, show the way to the field.
So fill up your glasses, a bumper we'll drain—
Health to Meynell Ingram, success to his name.
From the days since his grandfather ruled over Quorn
His hounds from all others have still the palm borne.
When you've finished the first, fill a second besides
To the health of Squire Pole, (2) who such foxes provides:
And a third to the men, over whose land we ride,
The yeomen who live on the Derbyshire side.

N.B.—The hounds, after this great run, were so tired, that they were unable to kill their fox, who was knocked on the head by a man who came up, as he was lying in the hedgerow.

---

2. Edward Sacheverell Chandos Pole. Born 1826; died 1873.

I've often asked, what shall I do
To pass a weary day?
When answer told me, lose no time,
With Hugo Meynell (1) stay:
For of all the sport he has the best,
And all the people say
It is because he takes things
In a quiet sort of way.

To begin with, there is dear old Tom,
Whose hair has long turned grey:
Which does not, I'm glad, prevent him yet
From showing us the way.
His right-hand man to help him, too—
"Well done, Charles," (2) judges say;
I never saw hounds turned so quick
In a quiet sort of way.

The second whip, whose name is Fred,
Appeared in pink one day,
When two young gentlemen, well known,
Were boldly heard to say—
"If Hugo does not soon that man
In scarlet coat array,
We'll give him one, and pay for it
In a quiet sort of way."

The hounds we need not mention.
Suffice it now to say—
Bar "Belvoir" and "Lord Yarborough's" packs,
They're the oldest of their day:

1. Hugo Francis Meynell Ingram, great grandson of Hugo Meynell, the famous M.F.H.
2. Charles Leedham, the huntsman's nephew.

Which does not follow that they're good—
(Pray doubt it all who may)
If Tommy had not broken them
In a quiet sort of way.

Where are the places I should see?
I very quickly said;
For I like a bit of hunting,
But I'm devilish fond of bed.
For if I cannot see some sport,
Then all I have to say,
I may as well go back and snooze
In a quiet sort of way.

Is that the only man, I said,
That I have got to fear?
Oh dear no, there are lots besides
To whom reputation's dear.
There's one we know once rode so well,
That, said Tom to him one day,
"I'd give two hounds if you'd go home
In a quiet sort of way.

Than to Radbourne you can't better go,
For all the sport's from there;
And, if you want to beat our Bass, (3)
Don't take the light-ribbed mare,
For he always rides his first horse well,
As long as he can stay,
And then he nurses "Grasshopper"
In a quiet sort of way.

---

3. Hamar Bass, Esq. Born 1842.

There's another, too, who's Paget (4) named,
Whom all the swells call Dandy;
And if not absolutely there,
Is always somewhere handy.
Again, there are six may be described:
If you hear a fellow say,
"Who's down?" says Tom, "a Buller,"
In a quiet sort of way.

The two Miss Meynells you can't beat,
Do all that you can do;
You'll find *one* will too many be—
What will you do with two?
For they, after a short scurry
Of four hours one fine day,
Only then began to take things
In a quiet sort of way.

There is a man, Ned Coke's (5) his name,
Who always goes so well;
And if you wish to kow 'tis he,
This is the way to tell:
The same bay horse he always rides—
But this I mean to say,
That he beats the chaps who bring out two
In his quiet sort of way.

Another one, to fame well known,
A lady I do mean,
For seat, and hand, and nerve, you'll own
Her equal ne'er was seen.

---

4. Lord Alexander Paget. Born 1839. Son of Henry, 2nd Marquis of Anglesey.
5. Hon. Edward Coke. Born 1824. Son of 1st Earl of Leicester.

For when you see her canter past,
"Who's that?" you're sure to say;
They'll answer, "Mrs. Colville, (6)
In her quiet sort of way."

By Jove! I nearly have forgot
The master to describe;
You may be sure there is a scent
When he sets to work to ride.
For if the hounds a cracking pace
Are seen to go away,
Here's 6 to 4 he's with them,
In a quiet sort of way.

From Derby town a Boden (7) comes,
A right good man is he,
Who rides to hounds as nicely
As you could wish to see.
For if they twist or turn or race,
Or go which way they may,
He, like the master, 's with them,
In a quiet sort of way.

There's one that's last—by no means least—
Who once was nearly hung;
And Hugo always calls him beast
When he is seen among
The people, who he always tries
At billiards to make play,
When the beast he makes a hundred
In a quiet sort of way.

---

6. Hon. Katherine, daughter of J. Russell and the Baroness de Clifford, and wife of Charles Colville, Esq., of Lullington, Derbyshire.
7. Walter Boden, Esq.

The author (8) of these lines was seen
  Too far ahead one day;
The master took him by the hand,
  And thus to him did say:
Next time the hounds do find and run,
  Oh, will you let me pray
For less enthusiasm,
  In a quiet sort of way.

And heaps of others I could name,
  In fact could fill a book;
But at the ones I've mentioned
  Be sure and have a look.
And if to do you turn around,
  Then you've my leave to say,
They are all duffers that I've licked
  In a quiet sort of way.

LORD BERKELEY PAGET.

LOST AND SAVED.

MARCH 15, 1871.

The dinner bell was ringing, and the lights were burning
  bright,
And the guests at Belvoir Castle were assembled for the
  night;
The hounds were in the kennel and the horses in their stall,
For long had been the chase, which had ended at nightfall.

8. Supposed to be Lord Berkeley Paget, son of 2nd Marquis of Anglesey.

Aye! long had been the chase, since at Newman's gorse they found him,
And on by Freeby Wood and by Saxby Spinney wound him:
And many a gallant sportsman, and many a rider keen,
Before the run had ended had kissed the earth, I ween.

At Stonesby in the morning had met a motley crowd,
For all the country side had been a holiday allowed
To see the Prince of Wales a-mounted on his steed,
With a flower in his button hole, and in his mouth a weed.
There were shandry-dans and go-carts, and phætons and gigs,
And jolly-looking farmers, and pretty girls, and prigs;
And amazons on horseback, and 'mid the crowd we see
Mrs. Bentinck upon Topthorn, the wife of an M.P.; (1)

And by her side her daughter, Miss Jessica (2) the fair,
Who lately in the hunting field has taken quite a share:
Mrs. Stanley (3) on her chestnut, and the well-poised Lady Grey, (4)
And the ladies who from Rauceby show potterers the way.
Well mounted are Sir Frederic (5) and the sporting Blankney Squire, (6)
Who keeps his field in order as they oftentimes require;
And all the fast Meltonians, the Belvoir ploughmen too,
And the Quornites, and the Cottesmore, in succession pass in view.

Will such a sight as this fail to Radicals convince,
When the nobles ride with yeomen and the people with their Prince,
That bad will be the day when we ape the days of France,
And let the Red Republican in front of us advance?

1. George Cavendish Bentinck, M.P.
2. Married Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart. 3. Wife of Francis Sloane Stanley, Esq.
4. Lady Grey de Wilton, daughter of Lord Craven.
5. Sir Frederic Johnstone, Bart. 6. Henry Chaplin, Esq.

How can I duly chronicle the story of the run—
The tumbles and the jumbles, the funking and the fun?
How some went well and some went ill, and not a few, of course,
Laid all their sad disasters to their silent friend, the horse.

Hark! six o'clock is striking, and the shades of evening fall,
As Mrs. Bentinck passes by Stapleford old Hall.
"Pray," says the gallant Major, (7) "be of sherry a receiver."
"Thanks, no; my trusty Topthorn will carry me to Belvoir."
Away she hies by Freeby, by Waltham, and by Knipton,
And still the trusty Topthorn with willing paces skipt on;
But at the Branston reservoir he scarce can raise a canter,
And first he moans, and then he groans, and then he stops instanter.

The wind it blew amid the gloom, the snow fell fast and faster—
Was ever lady planted in such terrible disaster?
"Oh shall I shout? Oh shall I shriek? a Bentinck never fears!
And yet I feel as if I could be melted into tears.
Where shall I turn? where shall I go? I'm sure I must be lost!
Alas! by what conflicting fears and terrors I am tost:
My children will be destitute, my George a widower be—
I feel that I must faint away and die beneath a tree.

"Ah, when a little girl, how well do I remember
The story that I used to hear about the dark December;
How little babies in the wood (unless the tale deceives)
Were found by pretty robins, and covered up with leaves.

---

7. Major Clagget.

But all the pretty robins that in Belvoir woods may be
Would never find there leaves enough to cover over me;
And if they were so clever, by my troth I will be bound,
The passers by would see of leaves a very mighty mound.

"Perchance some one, when I am lost, a monument will raise—
Here lies a gentle lady, a victim to the chase,
Who nobly did life's journey end, by all the rules of Meynell,
And her trusty steed was boiled in the copper at the kennel.
Oh, Jessica! Oh, Jessica! why did you hurry home,
And leave your poor mama amid these horrid storms to roam?
Oh why does George neglect his spouse, and in the Senate rave?
Far better if he'd hunt with us, and all our sorrows save.

"Aha! I hear a watch-dog bark! Topthorn he cocks his ears—
I'm saved! I'm saved! Oh hasten on—an end to all my fears.
Yes, 'tis a light! I'll shout, Ho, ho! is anyone a-coming
To help with utmost speed a poor dilapidated woman?"
"With pleasure, madam. I am Sharpe; (8) pray get into my cart—
Tho' late for soup and mutton, you will be in time for tart.
Where have you been a-riding to? You gave me quite a shock—
The Castle bell has sounded, and it is nine o'clock."

The longest lane will have a turn; the sharpest sorrow ends;
And Mrs. Bentinck's appetite for long delay amends:
Though late for soup and mutton, she banquets not in vain,
And the Duke (9) he gladly toasts her in a bumper of champagne.

---

8. The keeper. 9. Henry, 6th Duke of Rutland.

"THERE IS NO LACK ABOUT THE HOUNDS."

(A SONG FOR THE RUFFORD HUNT.)

There is no lack about the hounds:
  There is no lack at all;
Although some shook their empty heads
  Because the cost was small.
They are ready without rashness;
  They are steady without sloth;
And though they're called the Lothian,
  To go they're nothing loth.

There is no lack about the hounds
  Of hearty English squires,
Who hate to hear the very name
  Of strychnine, traps, and wires.
Men who would rather view one fox
  Break forth from woods of theirs,
Than shoot fat pheasants by the score
  And sacks of silly hares.

There is no lack about the hounds
  Of one to lead the van,
Whom you shall find in the right place,
  And also the right man:
Good temper, nerve, experience,
  Make easy his transition;
And we have found a friend in "Need," (1)
  Who Will Well-Fit his position.

1. S. W. Welfitt, Esq., formerly Need, M.F.H.

There is no lack about the hounds
A huntsman brave and quick;
From first and last to cheer and cast,
Be fences ne'er so thick.
Oft may we hear his loud "who-whoop!"
And long may Davis (2) show
The sport his father showed to ours
Some thirty years ago.

There is no lack about the hounds
Of yeomen bold and true,
Who'll go wherever horses may
To keep those hounds in view.
Straight may they speed and ne'er forget
(Although this hint may bore 'em)
That sportsmen always ride to hounds,
And never ride before 'em.

There is no lack about the homes,
Of welcome and good cheer,
For those who come to hunt with us,
Come they from far or near.
And so I give you fox hunting,
A toast all hearts must own,
From the small boy on his pony
To the Speaker on his throne.

LONGFELLOW, JUNR.

---

2. John Davis, huntsman.

THE RUFFORD HOUNDS.

November 15, 1857.

The northern wind blew sharp and cold,
The winter sun shone clear,
When the Rufford hounds, with Percy (1) bold,
Called all from far and near.

Squire and yeoman, young and old,
To Rufford wend their way;
For there the hounds, with Percy bold,
Will hold the trysting day.

See how from Sherwood's forest glades
The scarlet coats pour forth,
Among them are some Sheffield blades,
The heroes of the north.

There's Rachel (2) coming up the first,
Who soon exchanged will be
For Panic, (3) who can lead the burst,
And will, to-day, I see.

His rider merry jokes can tell,
All are of sporting fame;
His boots and breeches fit right well,
And Welfitt is his name.

My Lord, (4) with Cooke (5) and Reverend Hole, (6)
In close confab are seen;
And from the west a perfect shoal,
From Mansfield Woodhouse keen.

1. Captain Percy Williams, Master of the Rufford Hounds from 1841 to 1860.
2 and 3. Mr. Welfitt's horses. 4. Lord Edwin Hill.
5. Mr. Cooke, of Beesthorpe. 6. Rev. S. R. Hole, of Caunton.

The Speaker (7) smiles benignantly
Down on his humble friends;
While to the circle gallantly
His Grace of Clumber (8) bends.

And here we see a Squire (9) of fame,
Who's *always* there in time,
And Jonathan, (10) who's earned a name
For H.'s left behind.

The first from Oxton does not dwell
More than a hundred miles;
The second Blidworth knoweth well
His dodges and his wiles.

A fox preserver staunch and true
Now comes the throng to swell—
This is a Rufforder indeed,
Our mainstay, Pegge Burnell. (11)

But see from out that stately door,
Through which the Regent walked,
With scarcely less than princely tread,
The lord of Rufford (12) walked.

His fiery hair it stood on high;
His fiery eyes they flashed;
And down the steps he seemed to fly,
And into it he dashed.

---

7. The Right Hon. John Evelyn Denison, of Ossington.
8. Fifth Duke of Newcastle. 9. Henry Sherbrooke, Esq., of Oxton.
10. J. Hardcastle, Esq., of Blidworth.
11. E. P. Burnell, Esq., of Winkburn. 12. Henry Savile, Esq. Died 1881.

"How dare you come and trespass here
In my baronial grounds?
I'm lord of Rufford—don't you hear?"
(How nice and grand it sounds.)

"I won't, I say, have you disturb
My game, my pheasants choice;
Your taste for hunting I must curb—
At Rufford I've a voice."

"We beg your pardon; we did not
Your wishes understand;
You never see (he's getting hot)—
You never understand."

And now a mournful sight is seen—
He's turned them from the door,
And sent them off to Kneesal green,
Full seven miles or more.

These humble efforts now must end,
And thus the moral set:
No selfish man, we all contend,
Was ever happy yet.

LINA SHERBROOKE,
1858.

THE DUTY OF MAN.

The lesson that I give,
If any one holds cheap, he'll
Find he cannot live
Or die with decent people.
Your business all, if old,
Young, or children in your frocks, is
In one short precept told—
Which is, preserve the foxes.

The way to cure all woe,
And baffle fortune's shock, is
Singing Tally-ho,
And preserving foxes.

Dies sit or Nox
Keep constantly repeating:
Man was made to save the fox,
And the hounds were made to eat him.
No care the conscience clogs
Of one who never mocks his
Duty to the dogs,
And lives preserving foxes.
The way to cure, &c.

If you this solemn claim
Shall wickedly neglect, you
Will hear the dogs bark shame,
And the puppies won't respect you.
You may in woe find mirth;
In pillory or stocks, ease;
But you won't find peace on earth
If you don't preserve the foxes.
The way to cure, &c.

Then take care not to swerve,
And to my text prove fickle,
For those who don't preserve
We have a rod in pickle.
We'll excommunicate—
For of all heterodoxies,
There's not one half so great
As not preserving foxes.
The way to cure, &c.

Ye small boys, in whose books
Learning sees no lovers,
You may burn your books
If you will keep the *covers*.
Let other histories go,
Like Gibbon, Hume, and Cox's,
And give all thoughts below
To preserving foxes.
The way to cure, &c.

Of course to think 'tis sad
Of burning, murder, stealing;
Who does all these is bad,
Still may have human feeling;
But he cannot hope to win
Any sympathy, who knocks his
Head against the sin
Of not preserving foxes.
The way to cure, &c.

And now long live the Queen,
And may no foe unnerve her—
That is, of course we mean
As she's a good preserver.

But Army, Church, and Crown,
The Commons, Peers, and Proxies,
Must certainly go down
If they don't preserve the foxes.

The way to cure all woe,
And baffle fortune's shock, is
Singing Tally-ho,
And preserving foxes.

THE FOX'S LAMENT.

1864.

Oh mourn, Brother Brushes, the season draws nigh—
Our enemy cometh, and off we must fly;
We must not await the shrill sound of the horn,
But up and away like the bird in the morn.
No longer old Harry remains for our friend,
And earths and asylums are all at an end.
The home in the "Bead House" no longer conceals,
And nothing is left but to trust to our heels.
My grandfather told me, in snug Granby gap,
Old Goosey (1) ransacked him out of his nap.
He slipped from the cover, and bid them adieu,
Then flourished his brush, and was soon out of view.
They dashed and they flung, and then took to their nose,
And rattled away over Langar's old close.
But straight as an arrow he sought Colston Bassett,
And was soon in the earth—oh what could surpass it?

---

1. The Duke of Rutland's famous huntsman.

A relative dosing in old Parson's gorse
Awoke with the clamour of footmen and horse.
He spied Tommy Day, in his lily-white choker,
With Truman, and Thunder, and Parry's old Joker.
He cared not a toss to be hallooed away—
He knew very well the old game he should play.
Through Hickling he led them to Kinoulton Grange—
That he took that new line sure they all thought it strange;
But away through Kayewood, past the old Squire's hall,
Who quickly espied him and asked him to call.
But the time was too short, so he said, "never fear—
The earths are unstopped, and old Tom in the rear."
With hunters and shooters, and poison and traps,
Our race is exposed to a thousand mishaps.
Well may we the loss of old Harry lament!
We'll follow him down to the banks of the Trent.
'Twill put all our foes in a terrible tiff
To find we have got a new home in the cliff.

PUG.

The "old Harry" of the poem is Henry Martin, Esq., who, in 1864, sold Colston Bassett to Mr. G. B. Davy. Mr. Martin is described as "the greatest of fox preservers," and his example has been most ably followed by Mr. Davy, who has made a stick-heap, a well-knowu refuge for foxes, near Colston Bassett.–1872.

CROPWELL GROVE,

Feb. 16, 1872.

From the Harlequin Gorse he was hallooed away,
Ere the dew left the grass on this thrice famous day.
("By Jove," said the Squire, (1) "I see there's a scent,"
When a hare crossed the road as to cover they went.)
Alongside the turnpike for Bingham he points,
But the sportsmen who ride down the road disappoints—
Turning short to the right, up to Tithby's quaint spire,
Where already the field commence cursing the mire.
But onward he leads them past famed Colston Bassett—
As a refuge for foxes there's none can surpass it.
Just now, though, poor Puggy's too much in a hurry,
And o'er the canal bridge continues to scurry.
A fortunate check at this juncture took place—
For thirty-seven minutes had lasted this race.
And many a youth thought of plough he'd had plenty,
And many a grey beard now wished he was twenty.
But see, ere the Squire can cast them, he cheers,
And their notes are like music in every one's ears.
Past Owthorpe and Wynnstay, towards Blackberry Hill,
Though the fields are quite fathomless, on they go still.
Here the master's horse blown can't get out of a trot—
He looks vainly around, but no grey's near the spot.
But if Pace stops a horse, Patience soon brings him round,
And True Blue's (2) got his wind, and is making up ground;
When the Intake at Bunny next comes into view—
And many declined here, both good men and true—
Miss Sherbrooke, (3) on Adam, was fain to retire,
Who'd gallantly struggled thus far through the mire.

---

1. John Chaworth Musters, Esq. Born 1838. 2. Mr. Musters' first horse.
3. Miss Sherbrooke, of Oxton.

Her heart was still good, and the chase was still sweet,
But the truth must be told, that brown Adam was beat.
The "Ploughman" (4) of Belvoir, who came with two friends
From his home where the Cliff Row the valley descends,
Disappeared from this point, and 'twas currently said,
In the Intake concealed his diminished head.
Musters here gets his grey, and need linger no more—
But where are the hounds who were leading before?
Then a friendly view-halloo rings sweet on his ear
From a labourer, ever to foxhunters dear.
He guides them straight on, under Cortlingstock town,
Where a cast is made, worthy old Musters' renown;
And the lost hounds are met, running up the brook side,
Pressing close on their fox, while to kill him they tried.
But onward past Rempstone and Hoton he ran,
And at Hoton a farmer (5) joined in, lucky man;
Who, getting his dinner, espied all this fun,
And, jumping on horseback, went well in the run:
For this chase was not fated to come to an end
Till all had enough of it, you may depend.
The fox took a turn round the Spinney at Hoton,
Then away for the country the Quornites so dote on:
Over Wysall and right hand of Widmerpool town,
Pointing straight for the Curate, that gorse of renown.
Now the fox has been viewed nearly beat by the Squire,
And the soul of the huntsman 's to kill him on fire.
But his third horse's power 's beginning to fail,
And the fox seems to contemplate sinking the vale.
In despair he looks round and sees nobody near—
That the field are all lost there seems good cause to fear.
But George Cadney, (6) the trusty, Tom Ridley, (7) the light,
With a few faithful sportsmen, soon hover in sight.

---

4. John Welby, Esq. 5. Mr. Burrows, of Rempstone.
6. Mr. Musters' second horseman. 7. The first whip.

Some of these very wisely had stuck to the Foss,
And were luckily there when the fox came across.
Running short he still gallantly makes for Row-How,
But thro' it they force him, scarce farther to go.
For a few fields beyond the hounds course him in view,
But nothing remains for this game fox to do.
But two couples of hounds, for their fame be it said,
Were away when the fox 'mid the others lay dead.
In the sight of but four of this numerous field,
His breath and his brush he at length had to yield.
William Parr (8) and the farmer from Hoton may boast
That they distanced the whole of the fash'nable host.
The Squire and Tom Ridley made up the quartett,
And will never, I fancy, this Friday forget.
Tho' their nags were so beat that they got off to run,
They would gladly run miles for the same bit of fun.
P'r'aps a dozen were there to hear Musters's cheer
O'er the gallant old fox that had cost them so dear;
And his head, brush, and pads will for seasons remain,
In token we want such a fox here again.
Of the strangers who kindly came out to look on,
The account that I heard was, they none of them shone;
Very possibly thinking the plough was a bore,
They determined to value their credit no more.
In the words of the poet I venture to say,
That all will agree who were hunting that day,
"There was racing and chasing o'er Cortlingstock Lea,
But the hounds of Squire Musters they never could see."
Manners Sutton, who travelled from far Kelham Hall,
Persevered till his bearings he knew not at all;
But Fenwick, tho' famous o'er Leicestershire grass,
The black coats of Nottingham could not surpass.
Three hours and twenty-five minutes they ran,
And the distance they went over, tell it who can.

8. Mr. Parr, of Nottingham.

It is run; it is over. Like everything past,
We fancy of clippers it must be the last;
But while Edward Smith lives, sport we'll have, never fear,
In the country so justly to all of us dear.

L. C. Musters,
1872.

THE QUARNDON FOXHUNTERS.

One morning so early, sowing out of my hopper,
When who should pass by but old Dick, the earth-stopper.
"Stop—harkee!" quoth Dick, "for I think I hear hounds—
By Jove, they are Meynell's! I hear his 'G—d zounds.'"

Sing Balanamona ora, your Quarndon foxhunters for me.

The first in the burst, it is my Lord Maynard,
Taking all in his stroke, tho' his horse forced to strain hard.
And who's that comes next? why 'tis dashing Charles Windham,
At the hell of a rate, leaving numbers behind him.

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Then smack at a yawner see Winchelsea, the peer—
So sure to be slung up on Pyramid's ear.
And who's that comes next? why 'tis Fitzherbert Dick—
His horse half done up, looking sharp for a nick.

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Then half up the hill see yonder's Joe Francoe,
His horse taking rest, and himself at an anchor.
And what is become of Whitbread, the Brewer?
He's been lost from the first since he made this grand tour.

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Then stiff in his stirrups see Boothby the great—
He's nervous this morning, and rides for a gate.
And who's that a-tumbling? 'tis Smyth, the Lorain—
He's off! no, he's not; he holds fast by the mane.

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Then next comes Prince Chartars, who's à la distance,
He rides void of fear for the honour of France;
But long before Monsieur had reached Borough Hill,
He did blow his horse to a total stand-still.

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Then jogging along we met jolly fat Blower,
Flanks and shoulders all bloody, going slower and slower.
Your servant, my Lord—has your grace lost a shoe?
Thank God, I'm not last, for I've beat Parlivieu.

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

And as we went home we met Master Swaddle
Driving Pastime before him, and carrying his saddle.
Said he, "Brother sportsmen, poor Pastime must die,
Though I've bled him myself both on shoulder and thigh."

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Then now to the tavern repair for a while,
And there we will have a good cup of the mild;
And as we sit boosing it over the fire,
We'll drink long life and riches and health to the Squire."

Sing Balanamona ora, &c.

Signed, Jno. Chambers,
Wood Dalling.

A BIRTHDAY ODE TO JOHN WARDE,

Master of the New Forest Hounds.

1813.

A birthday ode to Britain's King
The poet's paid each year to sing;
To celebrate each patriot's name,
Each hero's glorious deeds proclaim.
Could I but in heroic verse
My country's glories thus rehearse,
My muse addressed should ever be
To thee, fair land of liberty.
But bad my metre, worse my rhyme—
To read it is but loss of time;
But he'll excuse of whom I sing,
For I'm no poet, he's no king.

This day, the birthday of John Warde,
Let me in humble verse record:
How high he stands in sporting fame!
How great his deeds! how great his name!
How in the kennel or the field,
Now Meynell's dead, to none he'll yield;

How nicely every hound he breeds,
And how the pack with judgment feeds.
May we for many years attend
In this same house our worthy friend.
This day you're in your sixtieth year,
And scarcely thirty-five appear;
And what you say, I hope in truth,
The ladies think you quite a youth.

The large strong bony hounds he seeks
When on the scent one fairly speaks.
He leaves from power far behind
The small pigmyean squeaking kind.
As well as shape full well he knows,
To kill their fox they must have nose.
To take a lesson from his book,
And at his system fairly look,
Would Quorndon's hero (1) only deign,
He would not hunt his fox in vain.
But no; with him it's all the pace:
The hounds will look him in the face,
And seem to say, "Our noble master,
You would not have us go much faster;
For we on flying so intent
A mile behind have left the scent."
Indeed, good sir, you'll shortly find,
And ever after bear in mind,
That if you wish your hounds to shine,
Keep only those that hold the line.

And you, proud Duke, (2) all dressed in blue,
A word or two I have for you:
Your field's too wild; your huntsman slack;
In no condition is your pack.

1. Mr. Assheton Smith. 2. Beaufort.

The proudest peer in all the land,
The science you don't understand;
Then why your thoughts on hunting fix?
You'd better stick to politics.

Pytchley's Lord, (3) with pack unsightly,
Listen no more to Squire Knightley;
Skim from your pack all scum and froth—
Too many cooks have spoilt the broth;
Use your own judgment in the chase,
And breed from nose as well as pace.
And you, great Lord of Warwickshire, (4)
To this my counsel lend your ear:
You'll ne'er acquire a sportsman's name
If in a bag you find your game.

My muse to Bicester takes her flight,
For Mostyn's hounds are my delight;
And Stephen's (5) system in the kennel,
Taken from the school of Meynell,
Brings them nobly to the post.
But Mostyn, sure, the pack's your own—
Why don't you have them left alone?
Nor let the parson or Sir Ned
Thus scream and whoop and ride ahead;
But give the hounds their time to fling,
Back to the line they'll shortly swing.

A sportsman I am none, you'll own—
You want more music and more bone;
Exert yourself, your judgment sound;
Draft from your pack each silent hound;

3. Calthorpe. 4. Middleton. 5. Stephen Goodall.

Breed from the dogs you like the best—
From "Mulciber" among the rest;
And if Griff Lloyd don't interfere
You'll perfect be another year.

A Forester to be so bold
In such contempt these packs to hold,
'Tis rural quite, but condescend
To come down here and learn to mend;
And then with me, you'll all agree,
Better hounds there cannot be:
Either o'er the open or in cover
They hunt so true they ne'er run over;
And they hunt so well in chase,
Every inch his footsteps trace.
Perhaps you great men think them slow—
The best of paces they can go;
Good scent or bad to them the same,
They never fail to catch their game.

To you, John Warde, our thanks are due,
For all our sport we owe to you.
Blessed with your superior science,
We bid the sporting world defiance.
Then in this same social way
Thus celebrate his natal day;
And fill a bumper to the Squire,
And put the poem in the fire.

HUNTING SONG.

Stags in the forest lie ;
Hares in the valley, too ;
Web-footed otters are speared in our lochs—
Beasts of the chase that are not worth a tally-ho ;
All must give way to the gorse-cover fox.
Fishing, though pleasant,
I sing not at present ;
Nor shooting the pheasant,
Nor fighting of cocks.

Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Grief and despair away—
Hunting the fox.

Bulls in gay Seville are
Led forth to slaughter, nor
Dames in high raptures the spectacle shocks ;
Brighter in Britain are
The charms of each daughter,
Nor dreads the fair charmer to follow the fox.
Spain may delight in
A sport so exciting,
Whilst 'stead of bull fighting we fatten the ox.

Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Grief and despair away—
Hunting the fox.

Hunters of chamois
Surmount the acclivity,
Bounding o'er torrents and scaling the rocks;
Horns, on the mountains,
The prize of activity—
Ours, in the valley, the brush of a fox.
While he who thinks fit, sir,
To follow the Switzer,
To the bottomless pit, sir, an avalanche knocks.

Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Grief and despair away—
Hunting the fox.

England's green pastures are
Grazed in security,
Thanks to the Saxon who cared for our flocks;
He who reserving
The sport for futurity,
Driving the wolves away, left us the fox.
Whilst joviality
Chases formality,
And hospitality cellars unlocks.

Song shall declare a way
How to drive care away,
Grief and despair away—
Hunting the fox.

WARBURTON.

MR. WARBURTON'S FAREWELL TO TARPORLEY, 1873.

To comrades of the hunting field, tho' sad to say farewell,
'Tis pleasant still on olden days at Tarporley to dwell;
On friends for whom, alive or dead, our love is unimpaired,
The mirth and the adventure and the sport that we
have shared;

The feelings of good fellowship which Tarporley unite;
The honoured names recorded which have made its
annals bright:
Old Charley Cholmondeley's portrait, and the fashion
of our clothes
In the days of padded neckcloths, breeches green, and
silken hose;

The upright form of Delamere, Sir Richard's graceful
seat;
The brothers three from Dorfold sprung, whom none of
us could beat;
The fun with which Bob Grosvenor enlivened every
speech;
The laugh of Charley Wicksted lengthened out into a
screech;

The classical Quæsitum, and the President's hard chair;
Each year's succeeding patroness, whose charms were
toasted there;
The inevitable wrangle which the farmer's cup provokes—
Sir Watkin cracking biscuits, and Sir Harry cracking
jokes;

The match in which, though Adelaide but held a second
place,
No judge was there to certify that Go-by won the race;
The stakes withheld—the winner told jocosely by the hunt,
With nothing else to pocket he must pocket the affront;

The foxes which, from Huxley Gorse, have led us many
a dance;
Joe Maiden, best of huntsmen—best of whips, old
Tommy Rance:
That good old soul, John Dixon, and his lengthy
draught of ale;
That mirthful day when "Little Dogs" came home
without a tail;

The glory of that gallop which old Oulton Low supplied;
The front rank men of Cheshire charging onward side
by side;
The Baron, with his spurs at work, in rear of the advance,
When Britain, in the field for once, ran clean away from
France;

The find at Brindley cover, and at Dorfold Hall the kill;
The Breeches left behind us, but the brush before us still;
The fox that skimmed the Tilston cream, forget we
never shall;
The score of hunting breeches that were washed in that
canal;

And that ill-starr'd disaster, when, unconscious of the leap,
I dropp'd into the water of a marl-pit, six feet deep:
Enough to damp the keenest, but conceive the fearful
sight,
When I found that underneath me lay the body of Jack
White.

The harmony infus'd into the rhymes which I had strung
When first I heard the "Columbine" by James Smith Barry sung;
While canvas the remembrance of Sir Peter shall prolong,
May the name of his successor be endeared to you in song.

The carving of the venison, when it smok'd upon the board;
The twinkling eye of Johnny Glegg, the chaff of Charley Ford;
The opening of the oysters, and the closing of the eyes
In slumber deep—that balmy sleep which midnight cup supplies;

Sir Humphrey and Geof. Shakerley, whose friendship never fails,
Tho' long of two opinions which was heaviest in the scales;
In love of sport, as in their weight, an even race they run,
So here's a health to both of them, and years of future fun.

Old Time, who keeps his own account, however well we wear—
Time whispers, "to the old ones you must add another pair."
May Lascelles in his chosen home, long, long a dweller be—
To Philo Gorse a bumper, to Sir Philip three times three.

Young inheritors of hunting, ye who would the sport
should last,
Think not the chase a hustling race, fit only for the fast:
If sport, in modern phrase, must be synonymous with
speed,
The good old English animal will sink into a weed.

Accept the wish your Laureate leaves behind him ere we
part—
That wish shall find an echo in each Cheshire sports-
man's heart:
May Time still spare one favour'd pair, tho' other
creatures fail,
The swan that floats above us, and the fox that skims
the vale.

The snobs who haunt the hunting field and rouse the
master's ire;
The fence of fair appearance masking lines of hidden
wire;
A straight fox mobb'd and headed by the laggards in
the lane;
A good one dug and murder'd—I have seen such sights
with pain.

I never killed, save once, a hound—I saw him on his
back
With deep remorse—he was, of course, the best one in
the pack.
The thought ofttime has griev'd me, with a wild fox well
away,
That friends right worthy of it should have missed the
lucky day.

If e'er my favourite cover unexpectedly was blank,
Then silent and dispirited my heart within me sank;
But never till this moment has a tear bedimm'd mine eye
With sorrow such as now I feel in wishing you Good-bye.*

AN UNPROVOKED WAIL FROM A DESERTED FOXHUNTER.

1869 OR 1870.

Oh, Musters, say why to my house
You never now repair?
As you used to do in days of yore—
That is to say, last year.

Say, is it that you think that I
In your face would slam the door?
Or do you think your manly form
Would crash right through the floor?

In last year's hunting diary
I find it all put down,
Both every time that you came here
And likewise every run.

I find the number of the days
That you came here was five.
Why don't you come as often now,
And keep the game alive?

---

*Notes to this poem will be found in Mr. Egerton Warburton's published work.

I'm sure last year we used to hear
Of runs from "Staunton Springs,"
But now the mention of that name
No pleasure to me brings.

Not but that I know you'd find
As good a fox as they
Who gave those runs, when every time
They broke a different way!

But Spring Wood is deserted now;
It never hears your horn;
The very rides are not cut up—
They're untouched and forlorn.

E'en when from Melbourne Spinney
With a fox you get away,
He ne'er could have lived in Spring Wood—
No! (so at least you say.)

I think the real reason is,
That, last time you came here,
When we got away, on a rainy day,
By Jove, *you* were not there!

However that's so long ago—
Just three months I declare—
You might have now forgotten it,
Or said, "It was a hare."

However, when you come again,
You'll find the door is wide,
And the foxes are such good ones that
To catch them you must ***ride.***

Don't think that I'm complaining,
That this sad ode I've sung;
But in Spring Wood I've always heard
A fox has never hung.
(And never will.—P.S.)

LORD FERRERS.

DOWN IN THE WEST.

Let Leicestershire boast of the feats of the Quorndon;
Let Pytchley men tell of the Waterloo run;
Let papers and cockneys combine to assure us
'Tis but in the Midlands you see the thing done;
Yet we'll show them a pack that will distance their best,
If they'll only come far enough down in the West.

Tho' Glo'stershire rave of the blue and buff collar;
Tho' the Belvoir ride fast over hill and o'er dale;
Yet we'll show them a pack that has run so tremendous
That even the buttons on red coats are pale.
And the name of this pack that surpasses their best
Is the Devon and Somerset, down in the West.

Let them talk of their bursts of some ten or twelve minutes—
The distance, oh, two or three miles at the least!
What's that to a run of some two or three hours?
They say that enough is as good as a feast;
But we'll give them a feast that will frighten their best,
With the Devon and Somerset, down in the West.

Let them talk of their fences, bullfinches, and oxers;
The runs they have over the cream of the grass;
But from Horner to Brendon, from Brendon to Marwood,
That country will all their wide pastures surpass:
And the name of that country which conquers their best
Is the forest of Exmoor, down in the West.

Let them chivy and worry their stinking small varmint,
And exult in the death of the under-sized thing;
But we'll pull down a stag of ten points without mobbing,
And homeward in triumph his head we will bring.
And this pack, that in quarry surpasses the rest,
Is the Devon and Somerset, down in the West.

Let them talk of their masters, of Tailby and Musters,
And boast of their riders, subscribers, and hounds;
But we'll show them a pack which, in these and in all things,
Displays a perfection which passes all bounds.
So I'll give you a toast to the sport which is best—
Success to Stag-hunting, the sport of the West.

1870.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF A HAUNCH OF VENISON, 1870.

Welcome, the noble haunch! By luck it found
My wife and self at home, my neighbours round,
Eager to drink as toasts, in bumpers hearty,
Musters and Sherbrooke and the honoured party—
Wont, with a southern wind and cloudy sky,
To follow Charley, with a scent breast high,
O'er field and fence, by hill, and dale, and wood,
Straight as were arrows shot by Robin Hood.

Thanks, Musters. And may Epperstone provide
Fox frequent, strong, and straight at cover side.
With health to you, and friends with joyous wit,
And finest feelings warmly linked with it.

F. Litchfield.

P.S.—
Could I have done about the wood as I
Had wished, you would have had the mastery;
But I did what I could, and thus have made
It clear how much I'd give fox-hunting aid.

F. L.,
Farthinghoe Rectory, Brackley.

THE AFTERNOON CRAWL DURING THE FROST.

Wiverton, Feb., 1875.

Cruel crawling weather, with a cold wintry wind;
Here we go in great coats, thickest we can find.
Crawl, crawl together—no one must stay behind.

Creeping o'er the furrows, blinded by the snow;
Heads into our shoulders, doggedly we go,
As we jeer at each other's faces, bright with a purple glow.

Thanks to the mighty Musters, who gives us this
generous treat;
He finds us beer and bacca, cigars and brandy neat—
Oh! that he also allowed us some hot-water tins for our
feet.

Smoking with solemn faces; speaking with bated breath;
Exchanging oracular sayings; describing each fox's death;
"Sober as so many judges," as the Eton school-boy saith.

Byron, Bellman, Banker, Harpy, and Furrier, too;
Pansy, who loves her master—darlings as ever drew;
But the pick of that pack so fleet, is Tarquin, with tongue so true.

Belvoir may be more clever; Meynell's may make more row:
But we'll still hang together, nor care for the holding plough—
And nothing on earth can sever the chain which is round us now.

They have hunted o'er Charnwood's Forest, they have driven o'er Dalby's vale;
But wherever a fox can take them, they have never been know to fail—
And happy the man whose lot is after these hounds to sail.

Twenty years hence these beauties will have passed life's longest bounds;
But we shall remember their voices—never forget those sounds—
And we'll still crawl together, and talk of those grand old hounds.

F. & L. C. M.

Feb., 1875.

A LOUGHBOROUGH SONG.

1869—70.

From Lockington Hall (1) the gorse we drew—
That a litter of cubs was there we knew,
Owned by a sportsman staunch and true
As ever got up in a morning.

The Squire (2) was there on his trustiest steed,
The boast of the stable for bone and breed;
Frank Gillard (3) came up on his well-bred weed
To cover so late in the morning.

Her tongue we heard old Speedwell throw,
Who never yet spake false, you know;
Jack Story viewed the varmint go,
With a forward away in the morning.

Now o'er the pasture lands they sail,
But the fences are rough in the Donington Vale,
And racing and spurring 's of no avail
To live with the hounds in the morning.

How far more silent the field has grown,
When Struggles (4) and Petersham (5) both are down;
Then the Earl (6) and the Squire can hold their own,
And give them a lead in the morning.

The Belton brook gleamed deep and wide,
But Strutt (7) took it fairly in his stride,
And those who couldn't went home and cried,
And thought of the run in the morning.

---

1. The seat of John Story, Esq.
2. John Chaworth Musters, Esq.
3. Mr. Musters' huntsman.
4. A nickname for Captain Campbell.
5. Charles, Viscount Petersham.
6. Earl Ferrers.
7. Hon. Henry Strutt.

But the Squire was there, as 'twas right he should,
And the tree-tops shook in Whitehorse wood
When he shouted as loud, as loud he could,
O'er the fox they pulled down in the morning.

When the Quorn next meet at Lockington Hall,
Unless you would visit the empty stall,
And the vacant rooms where 'tis silence all,
Don't go there to hunt in the morning.

1873. ——— L. C. M.

HUNTING SONG.

'Tis a fine hunting day, and as balmy as May,
And the hounds to the village have come;
Every friend will be there, and all trouble and care
Will be left far behind us at home.
See servants and steeds on their way,
And sportsmen their scarlet display—
Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
For we'll all go out hunting to-day.

CHORUS.

For we'll all go out hunting to-day;
All nature looks balmy and gay;
Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along,
For we'll all go out hunting to-day.

Farmer Hodge to his dame says, "I'm sixty and lame;
Times are hard, and my rent I can't pay;
But I don't care a jot if I raise it or not,
For I will go out hunting to-day.
There's a fox in the spinney, they say—
We'll find and we'll send him away;
I'll be first in the rush, and ride hard for the brush,
For I will go out hunting to-day."

For we'll all, &c.

See the doctor in boots, with a breakfast that suits
Of strong home-brewed ale and good beef;
His patients in pain say, "I've called in vain
To consult you in hope of relief."
To the poor he advice gave away;
For the rich he prescribed and took pay;
But to all of them said, "You will shortly be dead
If you don't go out hunting to-day."

For we'll all, &c.

As the Judge sits in Court, he gets wind of the sport,
And the lawyers applied to adjourn;
And no witnesses come, there are none left at home—
They have followed the hounds and the horn.
Says his Worship, "Great fines they shall pay
If they will not our summons obey;
But 'tis very fine sport, so we'll break up the Court,
And we'll all go out hunting to-day."

For we'll all, &c.

There is only one cure for all maladies sure,
That reacheth the heart to its core:
'Tis the sound of the horn, on a fine hunting morn,
And where is the heart wishing more?
It turneth the grave into gay,
Makes sorrow to pleasure give way;
Makes the old become young, and the weak become strong,
So we'll all go out hunting to-day.

For we'll all, &c.

M. S.

ETON BOATING SONG.

Jolly boating weather, and a hay harvest breeze;
Blade on the feather, shade off the trees;
Swing, swing together, with your backs between your knees;
Swing, swing together, with your backs between your knees.

Drifting o'er the rushes, floating by the weed,
Where the lock stream gushes, where the cygnets feed;
Let us see how the wine-glass flushes
At supper on Boveney Meads.
Let us see, &c.

Thanks to the bounteous sitter, who sat not at all on his seat;
Down with the beer that's bitter, up with the wine that's sweet.
Oh! that some generous crittur
Would give us more ducks to eat!
Oh! that, &c.

Carving with elbow nudges, lobsters we throw behind;
Vinegar nobody grudges—lower boys drink it blind.
Sober as so many judges, we'll give you a bit of our mind.

Britannia, Dreadnought, Thetis, S. George, Prince of Wales, and "ten,"
And the "eight" poor souls, whose meat is
Hard steaks and a harder hen.
But the end of that long boat fleet is,
Defiance to Westminster men.

Rugby may be more clever, Harrow may make more row,
But we'll row, row together, steady from stroke to bow,
And nothing on earth can sever the chain that is round
us now.

Others will fill our places, dressed in the old light blue;
We'll recollect our races—we'll to the flag be true;
And youth will still be in our faces
When we cheer for an Eton crew.

Twenty years hence such weather
May tempt us from office stools;
We may be slow on the feather—seem to the boys old
fools;
But we'll still swing together,
And swear by the best of schools.

1875. M. S.

THE YEOMAN'S GREETING.

1873.

DEDICATED TO SERGEANT-MAJOR HENRY SMITH,
SERGEANT-MAJOR MORETON,
AND THE SOUTH NOTTS. YEOMANRY.

Tune—"Castles in the air."

Come, let us sing a song once more, this pleasant month
of May,
Which brings the yeoman out again in blue and gold
array.
Republicans may scorn us, and Parliaments discuss,
But true men, like you, men, will drink their glass
with us.

We drink to Queen and Country, to liberty and law,
And down with the Destroyer, who threatens them with war.
For dear old England's honour we're pledged to do our best,
And true men, like you, men, will follow your behest.

We drink to all who love us, whose bright eyes shine to-day;
To sweetheart, wife, and mother, to friends who 're far away;
To those whom death has taken since yeomen met here last;
For true men, like you, men, will ne'er forget the past.

We drink to each remembrance of happy hours gone by—
Our troubles, past and over, we muse on with a sigh.
We've had our pains and pleasures—here a smile and there a frown—
But true men, like you, men, will never be cast down.

We drink to all good sportsmen, to the horse and to the hound,
And to all the wily foxes that are playing under ground;
We drink good luck to foxhunting, where rich and poor unite,
For true men, like you, men, think that a pleasant sight.

We hear of labourers oppressed, of unions, and of strikes;
We talk of "legislation," but believe it he who likes;
Let every man be kind and just, whatever be his sphere,
But true men, like you, men, will ne'er have cause to fear.

We drink to every soldier, whatever be his rank,
Who's served his country bravely, nor from his duty shrank;
For in all our life's great battle, 'tis the stout hearts win the day,
But true men, like you, men, must show us all the way.

We must not be invidious, for that would be a shame,
Nor wish the "tally-ho's" to earn a greater share of fame.
To south of Trent and north of Trent we'll drink a health to-night,
When true men, like you, men, with heart and hand unite.

4th May. ——— L. C. M.

If you burn the gorse, mind they cut a good wide glade between it and the thorns, or you may have all burnt. I have known that happen on several occasions; and you should cut the gorse directly, then you will get a stronger shoot. I am glad to hear Musters had good sport. I should think, from what I see, it has been but a bad season. You jump fences—pray don't be guilty of any such folly, &c., &c.

Yours truly,

March 13th, 1873. W. K. GASKELL.

EPITAPH:

PREPARED FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe,
A doubtful friend, a bitter foe.
Whither his restless soul has fled
Cannot be thought of, much less said:
If to the realms of light and love,
Concord no longer reigns above;
If it has found a lower level,
All must compassionate the devil.

'WARE WHEAT! 'WARE TARES!

'Tis a fashion with sportsmen, too common, alas!
To deem all enclosures stubble or grass;
Lands sacred to lucre, tabooed to the field,
Protected from tread by inviolate shield;
And less full of the chase than of cereal cares,
To be bawling for ever—'Ware wheat or 'ware tares!

Yet amongst them are humbugs, too many 'tis known,
Who will ride over wheat when the crop's *not their own!*
Others' corns they ignore, but their cry's full of woe
When a corn ot their own may be stinging their toe.
Such men, when engaged hunting foxes or hares,
Should be last to give tongue to, 'Ware wheat or 'ware tares.

But with me 'tis a rule, when the hounds in full cry,
In pursuit of their game over wheat or tares fly—
(Tho' these sportswomen threaten and bawl themselves hoarse,)
In the wake of the pack to hold on a straight course;
In "Wheatfield & Co." to forget I have shares,
And be deaf as a post to 'Ware wheat and 'ware tares!

Though a farmer myself, and though farming I love,
The ways of these gentry I cannot approve.
If their cries should prevail, why the chase were undone!
Not a fox would be killed! not a brush would be won!
Then a truce to their clamour—no sportsman true cares
For the loud selfish cry of 'Ware wheat and 'ware tares!

When the pace waxes slow, and the scent's growing stale;
While the pack of the fox speaks a dubious tale:
I can gladly ride round, be it ever so far—
Not to trample a seed, not a bladelet to mar:
And remembering then the poor corn-grower's cares,
Can myself bellow loudly, 'Ware wheat or 'ware tares!

But when hounds at top pressure their quarry fleet urge,
In the chase-loving Squire the farmer I merge;
By the joys of the hunt all my thoughts are absorbed—
My course is straightforward, my hunter uncurbed:
Forgetting at once poor Agricola's cares,
I'm as deaf as three posts to 'Ware wheat or 'ware tares!

Once for all, to these sporting wet blankets I say,
When the pack in full chorus is streaming away,
In my glorious career don't *bay me*, I pray,
But call on the morrow, the damage I'll pay.
Then a truce to vain clamour! What sportsman true cares
For the sport-chilling cries of 'Ware wheat and 'ware tares?

HOTSPUR.

THE RUN FROM HAZELTON

WITH THE "GENTLEMEN IN BLACK."

The masters of the Cotswolds,
By all the gods he swore,
That the old fox of Hazelton
Should baffle him no more.
In haste he sent for Turner,
And bade him straight prepare,
And see that all the country round
The earths were stopped with care.

Right gladly to the kennels
Back that good huntsman went,
And soon upon their various roads
His willing whips were sent.
"One of you ride to Salperton,
And one to Combe End go;
Another spur to Withington,
The coming meet to show.
Ye need not ride to Shipton,
For meet we where we may,
Old Fletcher and his gallant sons
Will not be far away."

And far to east, and far to west,
The joyous news was sent,
And many a jovial farmer
Was soon on sport intent.
Brockhampton's Squire heard it,
And Sudeley's castled wall;
It reached Sir Francis where he sat,
In Rendcomb's lofty hall.
Shame on the laggard sportsman
Who yields to slumber sweet,
When Colmore of the Cotswolds
Is riding to the meet.

Upon a well-bred hunter
The master sat with grace;
A courteous word upon his lips,
A smile upon his face.
Around him throng the farmers,
Right glad the chief to see—
No lack of foxes in the land
For masters such as he.

To join the chase a varied band
Pours out from Cheltenham town;
They pass by Dowdeswell's wooded bank,
They pass by Shipton down,
And soon bleak Puesdown's fields are won,
And soon the cover side,
Then hacks are changed for hunters,
And men prepare to ride.
There, mingling with the well-pleased crowd,
Well might the poet ken,
In sombre vest, or scarlet dressed,
The hardest riding men.
Then Watson grave, who rides to hunt,
Let others ride for place;
Sir Alexander, good at need,
And tranquil Hart on furious steed,
With Potter, whom no toil can tire,
Who loves the hounds to chide;
And Holland, Cropthorne's genial Squire,
Skilled Pilot in the chase,
Who every brake and covert knew—
Where fox e'er lay, or hound e'er drew—
O'er all the country side.

Full many a horseman more I ween
On gallant steed might there be seen:
Barton, by long experience trained
In all that to the chase pertained;
Hadley, who erst in many a land,
From Indian Jumna's golden sand
To cold Acadia's icy wave,
At every sport had tried his hand,
For whom each sport had charms;

And Chapman, to whom nature gave
The gift the fiery steed to rein,
To leap the fence, to scour the plain,
Even from his nurse's arms.

Stout Cornish, who, for many a year,
Had ploughed the stormy sea:
Brydges, that "ancient mariner,"
A veteran sportsman he,
Tho' white his locks as winter snow
Upon Leckhampton Hill;
His eye was bright, his heart was stout,
And in the right place still.
Big walls and ugly fences
He left to younger men,
But gallantly and merrily
He pushed along on Ben.

There Cumberland, a rider keen,
And Conway, always forward seen,
And Walker, courteous and kind,
And Coley, of the cheerful mind—
Sincere and true without pretence,
Whom many a comrade mourns;
Too soon, alas! by fate's command
Summoned to tread that happier land—
Happier in truth, but ah! from whence
No traveller returns.

"La Terrière," whom divers coats
And various shawls encase,
And who, when reynard's knell is rung
Is seldom out of place;

And fearless Marshall, bold and gay,
Ready alike to lead the race,
To pen the history of the chase,
Or sing its tuneful lay.
There, too, "Lavicount" might be seen,
Who better loves the livery green—
To view the shifting hare away,
And cheer the beagles on their prey.

And many another horseman good,
Whose names 'twere long to tell,
Who, when the hounds were running,
Went fearlessly and well.
Conspicuous among the rest,
In suit of solemn sables drest,
A gentleman in black:
Black were his garments, black his steed,
A powerful horse of noble breed—
Courage, endurance, strength, and speed,
But with a wicked look.
His eye, which shone with lurid flame,
And ears thrown back, alike proclaim
A spirit no weak hand can tame,
No liberties would brook.
To none he spoke, to none drew nigh,
But with a criticising eye
He scrutinized the pack.

And there rode many a lady,
Fair horsewoman and bold,
Who ruled her eager courser
Like Amazon of old.
But ladies' names are sacred;
Must not be lightly said:
A lowly bard may not presume
Such dainty ground to tread.

But hark! the dogs have challenged!
And hark! he's viewed away!
Now, gentlemen, a moment's grace—
Hold hard! hold hard! I pray.
'Tis for the hounds to hunt the fox,
If hounds are good for ought;
'Tis by the hounds, and not by you.
The fox is to be caught.
It can't improve the hunting
Even of the best of packs,
If gentlemen are striving
To ride upon their backs.

And now the sounds come nearer:
The hounds have left the brake,
And, with a crash of music,
Their headlong course they take.
Close on their heels comes Turner,
With a tally-ho, away!
Now, gallants, on, and ride your best,
And speed you as you may.

Horridge, in signs and tokens skilled;
His mind with vulpine learning filled;
Before the fox has left the brake,
Ponders the course that pug must take;
Looks to the earth, consults the sky,
Marks the swift cloud-wrack sweeping by;
Then, settling every *pro* and *con*,
Foretells the line the fox will run.
Alas! how vain are human hopes—
The most infallible of Popes,
If he to hunting were inclined,
Could never tell a fox's mind:

And now, as if in very spite,
While Horridge gallops to the left,
The fox turns to the right.

Thro' Salperton's plantations
Stout Reynard quickly passed;
No time was there to linger,
The hounds were nearing fast—
Tho' loth to face the open,
He knew he must at last.
He thought of Cleveley's covert,
Of Dowdeswell's friendly shade—
For Withington was far behind,
And to run up against the wind
Reynard was sore afraid:
So, hardening his heart for flight,
For Guiting Wood he made.

Soon as the fox burst into view
There rose to heaven a wild halloo,
And dashing forward, one and all,
The crowd was brought up by a wall.
Some stopped their steed to hold debate
Some rushed to seek a friendly gate;
While others, turning, rode amain
For that blessed paradise, a lane.

Meanwhile, the headmost horseman
Came up with loosened rein;
Before them streamed the eager pack
Across the open plain.
Then Donald, from Australia,
Cureton, from India's shore,

And Grant, who, when he leaps one fence,
Looks out and sighs for more;
And Brigstock, eager for the lead,
And Bushe, intent on daring deed,
And Gist, from Dixon's hill,
And Williams, forward rider still,
And Nash, who, ling'ring far behind,
By eager rivals passed,
Still pondered with an equal mind,
To philosophic lore inclined,
The truth which ancient sages show,
The race is sometimes to the slow,
Not always to the fast;
And Reynolds on the rat-tail,
And Kemeys on the bay.—
All charge the wall together,
And away, away, away.

How shall the bard essay to trace
Each wild adventure of the chase?
Or strive to tell each daring feat
As swept the hunt by Square Ditch Gate,
Or each disaster of the run;
Who flagged ere Hawling Grove was won;
At Guiting Wood who had his fill;
Who shunned the ascent of Pinnock Hill—
For hotly by the hounds pursued
The fox ran straight thro' Guiting Wood;
But Pinnock was no place to stay,
So onward for Hailes Wood away;
How many riders in distress;
How many steeds ran masterless;
How many rued the falling girth;
How many kissed their mother earth;

Suffice it, all that brave array
The morning sun had looked upon
When by the covert side they stood,
Where, self-reliant, each believes
Himself the hero of the day,
Was scattered like the autumn leaves
Torn rudely from the branching wood,
And by the north wind swept away;
And when upon Hailes Wood he shone,
A single horseman rode alone.

For, to rehearse my tale in brief,
When Hart had sorely come to grief,
And Marshall from his seat had parted,
And Gist felt somewhat less light-hearted;
When Grant enough and more had jumped,
And found his horse was fairly pumped;
When Turner's second horse was tired,
And Chapman in the dirt was mired;
While Watson sternly struggled on,
And Holland felt his chance was gone,
Sir Alexander breathes his steed,
Donald his weary horse must lead;
The "Ancient Mariner" behind,
Now slowly drifting down the wind,
Yawed like a Dutchman off his course;
La Terrière mourned his failing horse,
While Cumberland spurred on in vain,
And Barton wisely drew the rein;
While Cureton strove with adverse fate,
And Nash was floundering at a gate;
While Potter found all efforts fail
To break a stubborn post and rail
Which Hadley's grey refused to try,
The Man in Black came sailing by.

He smiled on those sad horsemen,
A smile serene and kind;
He topped the rail, he cleared the fence,
And left them all behind.
That horseman's name, who rode so well,
Who cleared the fence where others fell,
Who steered his course with judgment rare,
Who shunned no danger, knew no fear,
I know, but may not tell.
Let each and all who shared the run
That day, divide the fame;
It is not for a humble bard
To mete out praise or fame.

He still, with unabated zeal,
Urged his good horse with voice and heel;
And while the sinking fox in view
His labouring breath with anguish drew,
While Grasper almost reached his side,
And Crasher's jaws were opened wide,
Came onward with a desperate rush,
To make his own the well-earned brush;
But sudden as a flash of light
Their victim vanished from their sight:
The baffled pack aloud proclaim
Reynard had found an open drain.
Then, while the hounds and hunter gazed
At this evasion, sore amazed,
Sly Reynard his escape made good,
And quickly gained the friendly wood,
And deep within its deepest shade
His weary limbs delighted laid.

When Turner, upon hunter tired,
With foam besprent, with mud bemired,
Had nearly reached the wood,
He saw a Gentleman in Black,
Surrounded by the baying pack,
Amid the hounds who stood;
But when the covert side was won,
The Gentleman in Black was gone.

And never more by covert side
That Gentleman in Black
Again was seen or known to ride
Behind the Cotswold pack;
And whence he came, or where he went,
None truly can report—
If by good angels he was sent,
Or by another sort.

But often at the club at night,
When winter nights are long;
When frost and snow bring discontent
The hunting men among;
When round about the cheerful fire
Their chairs the loungers draw,
And some foretell a lasting frost,
And some predict a thaw;
When fresh cigars are lighted,
And bottles are brought in;
When bets are made and odds are laid,
And favourites backed to win;
Then often is the story told
Of Colmore's gallant pack,
Of the famous run from Hazelton,
And the Gentleman in Black.

"JOHN O' GAUNT:"

A LAY OF MELTON CHIVALRY.

Antiquem obtinens.

The fox at eve had climbed the hill
Where danced the moon on Twyford's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In "John O' Gaunt's" sequestered shade;
But when the Melton phalanx red
Had roused them from the late-sought bed,
The tramp of horse—black, brown, or bay—
Resounded o'er the grassy way,
And loudly, from the distance borne,
Was heard the twanging of the horn.

The wily monarch of the waste
Plunged in the prickly thorns with haste,
And, ere a fleet career he took,
At horse and hound his head he shook,
Thinking, "They will not find me here,
Unless the huntsman ride too near.
These hounds are kindly, gentle things,
Not driving devils borne on wings;
They love their huntsman's horse's heels,
And reach the covert side on wheels;
In one another's steps they'll tread,
And ne'er come near my thorny bed."
But as he gazed adown the dale,
And as he snuffed the tainted gale,
He saw a frightful face appear,
Moving still nearer and more near.

He thought of keepers, traps, and snares—
(The man was fat and smelt of hares)
Such terror with the thought returned,
That round about straightway he turned,
And facing Coupland's chivalry,
Dared a last effort to be free.

Then as he rose the grassy hill,
And shout to shout succeeded still,
He heard the baffled hounds in vain
Rave through the empty wood amain.
A hundred horsemen all athrong,
A hundred steeds all fresh and strong,
Started that instant on his back,
And left behind the panting pack.
We long to mention who was there,
So valiantly to do and dare;
Who o'er the line so bravely rode,
And hesitation never showed;
Who galloped full one mile ahead,
Regarding not what Coupland said;
Who tried to give Tom Firr a chance,
And check the chivalry's advance;
But, could I so invidious be,
As name their names in minstrelsy,
Such far-famed sportsmen could not brook
A critic on their deeds to look.
And what if some were left behind,
As if they weakly were inclined,
For vulgar hounds to watch and wait,
So sometimes for a start be late?
I dare not brave those lordlings' ire,
Their rage so justly roused and dire;

But I may tell how, true as steel,
Alone, but with unbated zeal,
Tom on their flying traces came,
And almost won the desperate game.
Two hounds, who gave the rest a lead,
Unmatched for courage, strength, and speed,
Followed their huntsman o'er the hill,
Threading their way uninjured still.
But how to tell the dismal tale—
Of who broke down the stout oak rail;
Who shunned to stem the Twyford brook;
Who only rode down "just to look;"
Who cantered gently to the brink,
Then with a splash was seen to sink;
Who on the landing side was cast
So quickly that his horse he passed;
Who, to avoid such dangers more,
Got out the side he was before;
But up the hill they seem to run,
Shines from the sky a gleam of sun,
And those who overcame the brook,
And those who to the ford betook,
In one last effort joined to ride
With fury o'er the pastures wide.
There Calthorpe, Wicklow, Helmsley, Hope,
With Molyneux and Riddell cope;
There Smith and Barker seem to vie
With Tailbyites in courage high;
While Foster, sailing in advance,
Deigns not to turn a backward glance.
O'er Marefield's hills, o'er Twyford's dales,
They clear the bottoms, top the rails,
Till, ere they come to Burrow Hill,

The hounds and huntsman's deepest skill
No further can the scent regain,
No nearer to the fox attain.
Some knights, perchance, had had enough,
But some were made of sterner stuff;
These, following to the gorse of cream,
Their guerdon gained that night I deem,
When, under Ranksborough's classic shade,
They homeward turned—their toil repaid.

THE FOX'S PROPHECY.

By D. W. N.

Tom Hill was in the saddle
  One bright November morn,
The echoing glades of Guiting Wood
  Were ringing with his horn.

The diamonds of the hoar frost
  Were sparkling in the sun;
Upon the fallen leaves the drops
  Were shining one by one.

The hare lay on the fallow,
  The robin carolled free,
The linnet and the yellow finch
  Twittered from tree to tree.

In stately march the sable rooks
  Followed the clanking plough;
Apart, their watchful sentinel
  Cawed from the topmost bough.

Peeped from her hole the field mouse,
Amid the fallen leaves;
From twig to twig the spider
Her filmy cable weaves.

The wavings of the pine boughs
The squirrel's form disclose,
And thro' the purple beech tops
The whirring pheasant rose.

The startled rabbit scuttered
Across the grassy ride;
High in mid air the hovering hawk
Wheeled round in circles wide.

The fresh west wind was blowing
O'er groves of beech and oak,
And thro' the boughs of larch and pine
The struggling sunbeam broke.

The varied tints of autumn
Still lingered on the wood,
And on the leaves the morning sun
Poured out a golden flood.

Soft fleecy clouds were sailing
Across the vault of blue—
A fairer hunting morning
No huntsman ever knew.

All nature seemed rejoicing
That glorious morn to see;
All seemed to breathe a fresher life,
Beast, insect, bird, and tree.

But sound and sight of beauty
Fell dull on eye and heart—
The huntsman's heart was heavy,
His brow oppressed with care.

High in his stirrups raised he stood,
And long he gazed around,
And breathlessly and anxiously
He listened for a sound.

But nought he heard save song of bird,
Or jay's discordant cry,
Or when amid the tree tops
The wind went murmuring by.

No voice of hound, no sound of horn;
The woods around were mute,
As tho' the earth had swallowed up
His comrades, man and brute.

He thought, "I must essay to find
My hounds at any cost;
A huntsman who has lost his hounds
Is but a huntsman lost."

Then round he turned his horse's head,
And shook his bridle free,
When he was aware of an aged fox
That sat beneath a tree.

He raised his eyes in glad surprise,
That huntsman keen and bold;
But there was in that fox's look
That made his blood run cold.

He raised his hand to blow his horn,
And shout a "tally ho!"
But mastered by that fox's eye,
His lips refused to blow.

For he was grim and gaunt of limb,
With age all silvered o'er;
He might have been an arctic fox
Escaped from Greenland's shore.

But age his vigour had not tamed,
Nor tamed his glittering eye,
That shone with an unearthly fire,
A fire could never die.

And thus the huntsman he addressed,
In tones distinct and clear,
Who heard as they, who, in a dream,
The fairies' music hear.

"Huntsman," he said—a sudden thrill
Thro' all his listener ran,
To hear a creature of the wood
Speak like a Christian man.

"Last of my race, to me 'tis given
The future to unfold;
To speak the words which never yet
Spake fox of mortal mould.

"Then print my words upon your heart,
And stamp them on your brain,
That you to others may repeat
My prophecy again.

"Strong life is yours, and manhood's prime,
Your cheek with health is red;
Time has not laid his finger yet
In earnest on your head.

"But ere your limbs are bent with age,
And ere your locks are grey,
The sport which you have loved so well
Shall long have passed away.

"In vain shall generous Colmore
Consent your hunt to keep;
In vain the Rendcomb baronet
With gold your stores shall heap;

"In vain Sir Alexander,
And Watson keen in vain,
Over the pleasant Cotswold Hills
The joyous sport maintain.

"Vain all their efforts, spite of all
Draws nigh the fatal morn,
When the last Cotswold fox shall hear
The latest huntsman's horn.

"Yet think not, huntsman, I rejoice
To see the end so near;
Nor think the sound of horn or hound
To me a sound of fear.

"In my strong youth, which numbers now
Full many a winter back,
How scornfully I shook my brush
Before the Berkeley Pack;

"How oft the Pinnock Hill I've seen
The morning mist uncurl,
When Harry Ayris blew the horn
Before the wrathful Earl;

"How oft I've heard the Cotswold's cry
As Turner cheered the pack,
And laughed to see his baffled hounds
Hang vainly on my track.

"Then deem not that I speak in fear,
Or prophecy in hate;
Too well I know the doom reserved
For all my tribe by fate;

"Too well I know, by wisdom taught,
The existence of my race
O'er all wide England's green domain
Is bound up with the chase.

"Better in early youth and strength
The race for life to run,
Than poisoned like the noxious rat,
Or slain by felon gun.

"Better by wily sleight and turn
The eager hound to foil,
Than slaughtered by each baser churl,
Who yet shall till the soil.

"For not upon these hills alone
The doom of sport shall fall;
O'er the broad face of England creeps
The shadow on the wall.

"The years roll on, old manners change;
Old customs lose their sway;
New fashions rule—the grandsire's garb
Moves ridicule to-day.

"The woodlands where my race has bred
Unto the axe shall yield;
Hedgerows and copse shall cease to shade
The ever-widening field.

"The furzy down, the moorland heath,
The steam-plough shall invade;
Nor park, nor manor, shall escape;
Common, nor forest glade.

"The manly sports of England
Shall perish one by one;
The manly blood of England
In weaker veins shall run;

"Degenerate sons of manlier sires
To lower joys shall fall:
The faithless love of Germany,
The gilded vice of Gaul.

"The sports of their forefathers
To baser tastes shall yield;
The vices of the town displace
The pleasures of the field.

"For swiftly o'er the level shore
The waves of progress ride;
The ancient landmarks, one by one,
Shall sink beneath the tide:

"Time-honoured creeds and ancient faith,
The altar and the Crown,
Lordship, hereditary right,
Before that tide go down.

"Base churls shall mock the mighty names
Writ on the roll of time;
Religion shall be held a jest,
And loyalty a crime.

"No word of prayer, no hymn of praise
Sound in the village school;
The people's education
Utilitarians rule.

"In England's ancient pulpits
Lay orators shall preach;
New creeds and free religions
Self-made apostles teach.

"The peasants to their daily tasks
In surly silence fall;
No kindly hospitalities
In farmhouse or in hall;

"Nor harvest feast, nor Christmastide
Shall farm or manor hold;
Science alone can plenty give—
The only god is gold.

"The homes where love and peace should dwell
Fierce politics shall vex,
And unsexed woman strive to prove
Herself the coarser sex.

"Mechanics in their workshops
Affairs of state decide;
Honour and truth—old-fashioned words—
The noisy mobs deride.

"The statesmen that should rule the realm
Coarse demagogues displace;
The glory of a thousand years
Shall end in foul disgrace.

"The honour of old England
Cotton shall buy and sell,
And hardware manufacturers
Cry, 'Peace! lo, all is well.'

"Trade shall be held the only good,
And gain the sole device;
The statesman's maxim shall be peace,
And peace at any price.

"Her army and her navy
Britain shall cast aside:
Soldiers and ships are costly things,
Defence an empty pride.

"The German and the Muscovite
Shall rule the narrow seas;
Old England's flag shall cease to float
In triumph on the breeze.

"The footstep of the invader
Then England's shores shall know,
While home-bred traitors give the hand
To England's every foe.

"Disarmed, before the foreigner
The knee she'll humbly bend,
And yield the treasures that she lacked
The wisdom to defend.

"But not for aye—yet once again,
When purged by fire and sword,
The land her freedom shall regain,
To manlier thoughts restored.

"Taught wisdom by disaster,
England shall learn to know
That trade is not the only gain
Heaven gives to man below.

"The greed for gold abated;
The golden calf cast down;
Old England's sons again shall rise,
The altar and the crown.

"Rejoicing seas shall welcome
Their mistress once again;
Again the banner of Saint George
Shall rule upon the main.

"The blood of the invader
Her pastures shall manure;
His bones unburied on her fields
For monuments endure.

"Again, in hall or homestead,
Shall joy and peace be seen,
And smiling children raise again
The maypole on the green.

"Again the hospitable board
Shall groan with Christmas cheer,
And mutual service bind again
The peasant and the peer.

"Again the smiling hedgerows
Shall field from field divide;
Again, among the woodlands,
The scarlet troop shall ride.

"Again"—it seemed that aged fox
More prophecies would say,
When sudden came upon the wind,
"Hark forward! gone away!"

The listener started from his trance—
He sat there all alone:
That well-known cry had burst the spell,
The aged fox was gone.

The huntsman turned, he spurred his steed,
And to the cry he sped;
And when he thought upon that fox
Said nought, but shook his head.

Cheltenham, 1871.

Farewell! But whenever you welcome the day
That shall see you all mounted in hunting array,
Then think of the friend that once crammed his old screw,
And forgot his forelegs to be forrard with you.
The steed may be sold, his owner be done,
His rider unhorsed or outridden in the run;
But he ne'er can forget the bright season that threw
Such a halo around him when hunting with you.

When still in the morn as you mount your old horse,
And the hounds are just drawing the nice little gorse;
Where'er I may be, though perhaps far away,
My heart, my old boy, will be with you that day.
Delighted each turn, and each cast I will trace,
And recall all the pleasures and joys of the chase;
Too happy in thinking that, midst the first flight,
You have licked all the tailors and cocktails out of sight.

When worst comes to worst, I've seen many a run
Which I hope to recall when life's hunting is done:
At night, when I'm sipping my grog o'er the fire,
I'm dozing, I'm dreaming, I'm hunting with the Squire.
Oh! dreams such as these may I ne'er be without,
Like a jolly old sportsman laid up with the gout;
For deprive him of horses, of hounds, if you will,
A foxhunter once is a foxhunter still.

From Mr. Anderson,
May, 1875.

THE LAY OF THE BROKEN CARRIAGE.

23rd January, 1860.

Muses, assist me, while I tell
Of how one winter's day
A woful accident befell
A luckless pony chay.

'Tis Monday, and at Lowesby Hall
A celebrated meet;
On horseback and on wheels are all
The Melton Hunt's élite.

The gorse is tried, a fox is found;
The echoes of the morn
Wake with the bay of deep-tongued hound,
And blast of huntsman's horn.

The fox finds he must end his days
Should he in covert stay;
He breaks, a thousand voices raise
The welcome shout, "away!"

Along the road, with reckless speed,
A pony carriage flies,
Dashing the mud with little heed
In passing sportsmen's eyes.

"Who's this," we cry, as it comes on,
"So furiously doth drive?
Sure Jehu, Nimshi's valiant son,
Once more must be alive."

But no! when now we look again
No Nimshi's son is there;
An English matron holds the rein,
Guiding that fiery pair.

The thrifty wife in days of old
To hunt went not abroad,
But cooked the evening meal, we're told,
For her returning lord.

Then oh! how thankful should we be
For these enlightened days,
When we our wives may daily see
Hunting in pony chaise.

The husband, if to hunt he start,
No pang at parting feels;
He knows the darling of his heart
Will follow him on wheels.

But I'm digressing—for to tell
The end of this discourse is,
What dreadful accident befell
The carriage and grey horses.

No servant in the dickey sat,
With neatly powdered hair;
No groom, with smart cockade in hat,
To open gates was there.

They near the gate, then sudden stop;
The steeds the reins obey,
And, by that nervous arm brought up,
The carriage stops the way.

A sportsman, riding quickly by,
And heated in the chase,
Full recklessly the gate let fly
In the off horse's face.

The driver reined her horses back,
The coming blow to flee;
The crowd pressed on her, and, alack,
She broke her axle tree!

She called for help—no help was nigh—
Her misery all deride;
Each rider (Levite-like) passed by
Upon the other side.

But one, believe it if you can,
Behaved as a true knight,
And that one was the body-man
Of Edwardes, Barrow knight.

He quickly stopped his onward course
To help the ladies out.
Quoth he, "Should master want his horse,
Why he must go without."

"Woe worth that good-for-nothing man,
Of more than bulky size;
He's done us all the harm he can,"
Fair Phaetona cries.

Then straight she boarded Craddock's chay,
Crammed her companion in;
Herself to Lowesby went her way,
Thorpe Paget's brougham within.

Lowesby is reached, that haven fair
For dames who groomless roam;
They enter, lunch, and thank, then tear
In the Kentucky home.

When he who slammed the gate did hear
Of what he'd done, he wrote
Unto that gentle charioteer
A meek submissive note.

So far, so good—but to a friend
He recklessly did say,
As slowly home their way they wend,
"I'm in a mess to-day."

"To tell the truth, 'twixt you and I,
Thinking the matter o'er,
All pony carriages I decry
Out hunting as a bore."

This so-called friend, returning straight,
To Melton went his way,
And this opinion did relate
To her who drove the chay.

She, when she heard, for vengeance burnt,
Her choler waxing high;
The meek apology she spurned,
And wrote a sharp reply.

The bitterest venom dipped her pen—
The burthen of her song
Was, "Fields and fences are for men,
The roads to me belong."

On him who wilfully offends
Let fall your vengeance strong,
If he disdain to make amends,
And avow the proffered wrong;

But is it kindly, wise, or just,
To smite the vanquished foe,
Who, humbly grovelling in the dust,
Sues for your pardon? No.

The gentle spirit that forgives,
A blessing sweet partakes,
For mercy blesses him that gives,
It blesseth him that takes.

The victim, writhing painfully,
In piteous accents cried—
"Whatever's to become of me?
Wherever can I ride?

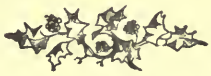
"I find in fencing I must yield,
Altho' it doth me vex,
And leave the glories of the field
Unto the braver sex.

"And tho' Britannia still may hold
Dominion o'er the sea,
The gates and roads belong, I'm told,
To Mrs. Coventry."

He from the bag who let the cat
An empty sieve must be;
'Tis meet a *Colander like that
Be sent to Coventry.

MORAL.

Let every gentle charioteer
Keep grooms to gates who'll fly,
For hunting men in Leicestershire
Have other fish to fry.



* J. Callendar is a friend of Mrs. Coventry.

February 17th, 1864.

You've heard Robin Hood was a forester good,
But if you will listen to me,
My story shall tell, for I know full well
Of a forester good as he.

Not in Barnstaple wood lived my forester good,
But near Barkstone wood dwelt he;
Not in Sherwood, I ween, was my forester seen,
But near Sherwin Gregory.

Now, when bold Robin Hood went out into the wood,
Friar Tuck bore him company;
My hero 'd no Tuck to keep up his pluck,
But a parson with him *tuk* he.

Now bold Robin Hood, whenever he could,
The deer, hare, and beaver slew;
But fox was the name of my forester's game,
Tho' he hunted the *Belvoir* too.

When Robin went, on hunting intent,
A full bag brought home he;
But contrariwise, my forester wise,
He brought home *his* bag empty.

On a cold winter's morn, some time after dawn,
My forester called for his chay;
With hound and with horse, to hunt Coston gorse,
Was his noble intent that day.

You need not be taught that a foxhunter's sport
Is a very precarious thing;
So my hero's great mind, that morning inclined,
A fox in his chaise to bring.

The horse in the chay might joyfully neigh,
To see what a load he'd got:
A lord on the box, a parson, and fox,
I trow 'twas a goodly lot.

To the meet they went, and albeit the scent
Of the fox wasn't over sweet;
By Spartan-like pride he determined to hide
Bold Reynard beneath his seat.

Not in Lincoln green was my forester seen,
But dress'd like a tar afloat;
To name I am loth, thro' respect for the cloth,
The hue of the parson's coat:

If red, what of that? he oft cut it fat,
And, braving the public ire,
He freely would sail o'er Barrowby's vale
As the Reverend John, Esquire.

But as since in red hose a Cardinal shews,
And the dress none improper deem,
I can't tell you why, in a coat of red dye,
A parson mayn't well be seen.

Arrived at the meet, the hounds their lord greet
In a very affectionate way.
Were they glad him to see, or could it be
That they smell what was in the chay?

Now my forester good determined he would
His game from the hunt conceal;
When the huntsman drew near he thus spake in his ear,
And whispered his man at the wheel:

"When the vermin I free, no shout shall there be,
For it makes all the hounds wilful and wild;
But toward me fly when you see raised on high
The beaver of this 'ere child."

Then the huntsman and suite withdrew from the meet,
And when all had got out of sight,
My Forester he took a fancy to see
If his captive was all right.

Since the days of Eve, mankind, I believe,
To be curious have been prone;
To this vice they say all those who give way
For their folly must atone.

Be this true or no, my friend found it so
When the bag strings he did slack;
For Reynard so sly, he winked with one eye,
And worked it in a crack.

My forester 'mazed was well-nigh crazed,
And very much ta'en aback,
Bold Reynard to see a-making so free,
And giving of him the sack.

He lifted his hat, no use was in that,
Except for to rend his hair;
He stood on his chaise, but the hunt far away
Knew naught of his despair.

He wofully sighed, and loudly he cried,
As he gave to his lungs full play,
And the hills all around re-echoed the sound
With a mocking "gone away."

Thro' muck and thro' slush the vanishing brush
Was the last thing he saw that day,
And long, I'll go bail, he'll remember the tale
Of the fox in the one-horse chay.

My moral is old, for you've often been told
Curiosity to gag;
Or you'll find, that's flat, that your fox or your cat
You will let from out the bag.

'Twas on a dark day in November,
The face of all nature looked black;
'Twas a day I shall ever remember,
As I galloped along on my hack.

Dirt and danger defying alike—
Contusions, and bruises, and knocks;
For sure, there's no pastime in life
To be equal to hunting the fox.

'Twas a sweet bit of gorse that we drew;
Men on all their best horses were there—
Hark! a whimper—oh! that will not do—
'Tis a puppy not steady from hare.

"Yoicks! have at him, my boys!
Now, gentlemen, pray keep behind—
'Tis old Speedwell, who never spake false,
And I'll lay ten to one it's a find."

"Tally ho!" cries a lad from a tree:
Now, the knowing ones quickly press on,
For a terrible burst it will be,
And o'er a fine country he's gone.

Now, the fences make skirters look blue—
There's no time to crawl or to creep;
O'er the pastures like pigeons we flew,
Though the ground rode uncommonly deep.

My eye, what a fall! "Are you hurt?"
"Not a bit, sir, I thank you, are you?"
But who, to have seen such a spurt,
Would have grudged an odd rib or two?

Now the pace was beginning to tell,
And the field became mighty select;
And those who rode horses to sell
Had already let out their defect.

O'er the ground at a rattling good pace
For forty-five minutes he stood;
Thus ended this regular race
With "who-whoop" but one field from the wood.

Now the stragglers come in one by one:
"And where, my dear fellow, were you?"
Says he, "in the midst of the run
My poor little mare cast a shoe."

"And where's that young coxcomb in pink,
Who strove on his tails we should look?"
"Oh, he's in the next parish, I think,
For he never got over the brook."

By Joseph Oldknow, of Smalley.

Come, all you brave sportsmen, I pray lend an ear,
Such a day of fox hunting you seldom will hear:
On the 20th day of the first month of the year (1819)
That noble Squire Chaworth at Shipley did appear,
With his brave pack of dogs none can them excel,
For hunting the fox he is known very well;
He is straight, he is clever, he is active and tall,
For hunting the fox he excelleth them all.
These gentlemen sportsmen for this hunt did provide,
They mounted their horses for Shipley to ride,
For to meet that gay sportsman, Squire Chaworth by name,
For hunting the fox he's a man of great fame.
Down for Trueman's Valley the sportsmen did fly,
That noble Squire Mundy his covers to try;
But, to their misfortune, bold Reynard's not in,
So the sport of the day they could not begin.
That noble John Radford, Esquire, was there—
He says, "My brave sportsmen, we've nothing to fear,
Let us go to Hay's Wood, we shall soon find him there."
Being united sportsmen, they well did agree,
They rode for Hay's Wood, and they went merrily,
Where that noble Squire Chaworth on his bugle did blow,
While Will loudly hallo'd made the woods to echo;
The dogs they broke cover, and soon they did find,
Which made the woods echo, which pleased our mind.
Full eighty in number, well mounted, was there,
Being of British courage, which nothing do fear;
From the wood they soon drove me out in gallant style,
To Spondon town end, a distance five miles;
I there made a double down for Spondon waste,
For Lady Wood end, for I was in great haste.

My name is bold Reynard, I've no time to stay,
So for Chaddesden Gorses I'll now make my way:
Before I was seated I started again,
All for my old palace, called Hay's Wood by name,
Where those blood-thirsty hounds they soon did me
follow,
Where I heard that brave sportsman on his bugle to
hollow.
"Thinks I to myself, it's not safe here to stay,
So for Trueman's Valley I'll now make my way."
From the Valley they drove me near Squire Mundy's
hall,
Not a moment of time they gave me to call,
Though I viewed his palace as I passed by,
And for Meynell's Coppy we went merrily.
I there made a double to go home again,
So for Shipley Hollies I crossed the plain;
O'er the fields they swift drove me, stuck close to my
brush,
For Snapper Snoo Hill I made my next push;
I there made a double, o'er the Valley I came,
For that noble Squire Sitwell's, of honour and fame,
Where the woods they did echo, and the bugle out blow,
So for old widow Brown's away I did go.
My name is bold Reynard, you mean me to kill,
So now I will chase you all for the Swine Hill;
From there I will rally to Hay's Wood again,
And for Nottinghamshire I will cross the plain—
Both horsemen and footmen a many came there,
To see the last rally for Nottinghamshire:
O'er the plains they swift run me full three miles in view,
For Mapperley Coppy, you know this is true,
Where a great disappointment I soon met with there:

That old sportsman, Jack Street, in a vision appear'd—
"Hollo! Master Scarlet, I've seen you before,
But never so ugly I am very sure;
Pray tell that brave sportsman, Jack, tell him, be sure,
That I'd never such a breathing in my life before;
That fifty long miles he has run, he has run in four hours space—
Before I shall take up my lodgings it sixty will not end the chase.
Since thou hast given me this double no mercy from thee I will crave,
So here I will give thee the double, and rally down by the Cotgrave,
Where I heard those brave dogs to cry vengeance,
His bugle so loud for to blow,
Thinks I it's high time to be jogging,
And so for the Marlpool I'll go."
As I from that hill was descending,
I heard that brave sportsman to blow:
I heard Will, the huntsman, to hollo,
Which made all the woods to echo.
So farewell, you best of brave sportsmen,
Since then I've got nothing to fear,
Since now I have crossed the old Erewash,
Safe landed in Nottinghamshire;
Where soon I shall now find protection,
From danger I soon shall be free;
So now I will rally for Selstone, on the common to finish the day,
Where favour I found from that sportsman,
For he flogged his brave dogs away.
So now he's gone home to his lady,
To tell her the sports of the day;

So here is a health to all sportsmen,
For many well maintained the day;
So here is a health to Squire Chaworth,
For it 's he that do bear the sway;
And if ever thou should'st chance for to kill me,
I hope thou will honour my brush;
Thou will dip my tail in a full bumper,
And say I died merry good stuff.

R. ALLEN AND SON, LIMITED, PRINTERS, CAXTON HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U S A

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 548 911 7